THE

NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS COMMERCE

VOL. XIV. R. BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 44 ANN-STREET. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 25, 1858. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 29.

LIFE'S PILGRIM.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

He hath made everything beautiful in its time."
KING SOLOMON.

I saw a rosy maiden
At dawn of vernal day,
Who sang "how beautiful is life!"
And gaily went her way.
I saw a thoughtful matron,
Her children round her knee,
"This life of tender care is sweet,"
She meekly said to me.

I saw an aged woman,
Her hair was silvery white,
"I see a better life than this!"
And vanished from our sight.
The maid, the matron, and the eld,
Though all unlike to see,
Were the *same pilgrim* pressing on,
Into Eternity.

THE LOST TREASURE;

OR,

THE CHAMPION OF CASTILE.

A TALE OF SPAIN IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE UNDER A CLOUD.

On the following morning Nunez de Castaneda announced that he had business at his country-seat at Santa Maria de Rosal, which was some five-and-twenty miles distant, and that he should be absent from the city two weeks at least. He was very cordial in his manner towards Enrique, and seemed very earnest in his friendship.

"I shall not forget how much I owe thee, sir knight," he said, as he held the youth's hand within his own, "and I trust I may yet be able to repay thee."

"There—say no more, I beg," returned Enrique, blushing. "I did perform but a knightly duty, such as you would readily have done had you seen good Christians in need."

"And yet you will allow me to feel grateful, my fair sir. There is a joy in pure gratitude which can only be equaled by such joy as one must feel who has done his duty as you have done yours."

Enrique knew little of the hollow arts of court life, and the prince so won upon him that he entirely forgot the warning of the previous night.

"You must have been mistaken in your estimate of the prince's character," he said to Gomez, after Nunez had gone.

"And yet you will keep your eyes open, my master," returned the esquire, very quietly.

"Why—yes—to please you."

"Do so. It can do no harm, and may do good."

The count was busy most of the time, and the youthful knight was thus thrown much into the society of Eleanor. At first he was cool and distant, but the ice was gradually broken, and finally they walked together in the garden.

One day, when Enrique was alone within one of the many vine-clad bowers, Gomez came to him with a very serious countenance.

"What now, Gomez? Have you lost a friend?" asked the knight, in a light tone, for his thoughts were elsewhere.

"No, good master," answered the man, seriously, "but I fear I shall."

"Some one sick?"

"No. Some one is worse than that."

"Ah—who?"

"My master."

"Say ye so?"

"Aye—in truth do I."

"And what has fallen so heavily upon thy mind now?"

"Pardon me, my master, and I will speak plainly," said the esquire, with much feeling.

"You are pardoned beforehand."

"Then listen to me. What are your intentions concerning the lady Eleanor?"

Enrique started, and a quick flush suffused his face.

"Why do you ask that?" he finally returned.

"Be reasonable, now, my dear master, and I will say what I have to say in all frankness and honesty. That you have learned to love the gentle lady I can see very plainly."

"No, no—not *learned*," cried Enrique, passionately. "I loved her the moment I first set eyes upon her. Even upon that bloody field, when I bore her to her waiting steed, I loved her. How could I help it?"

"You could not have helped it, perhaps, but you should have let the passion die in the hour of its birth."

"Now, Gomez, you know not what you say. Let the passion die? Why, man alive, it became a part of my very being the moment it entered my soul. Let it die? I might as well attempt to strangle my gratitude to my sainted guardian and protector."

Gomez gazed sadly into his master's face, and it was some moments ere he spoke again. When he did speak, his tones were more earnest than they had been before.

"My master, do you know that the lady Eleanor is the affianced of the prince Nunez?"

"His affianced? You mean that the prince loves her."

"As to his love I cannot speak; but that she is his affianced bride I can swear, made so by her own father."

"How do you know this?"

THE SURPRISE.

"I heard it from the count's own lips. Ah, my good master, you are treading upon very dangerous ground; and what makes the matter worse is, the fact that the lady loves you as fondly as you love her."

"Ha! You think so?"

[illegible] in her eye in her changing color—and in her soft, varying tones when she has spoken to you. Think what you may bring upon her if you persist in this. You should know the stern, inflexible character of her father. The moment he discovers this secret he will not only cast you forth— Ah, don't grasp your sword in that fashion, for you would not surely use it against your host."

"Say no more now, Gomez. Let me think."

"But let me give you one more thing to think of. You said you would pardon me. Do you suppose the maiden would escape without a father's curse? Look at it—look, my master: If the fair lady adhere to this present love, you know her father will bring upon her a rod of iron. If this fail, his curse must follow. In any case you must lose her."

"And yet she loves me!" groaned Enrique, for the light was breaking in upon him.

"So much the worse. What has love to do with the affairs of Castilian nobility? Parents do all the love-making until the marriage is consummated. It is a mere work of family policy. Don John de Velasco is the most powerful, the most wealthy count in Castile, while the prince is second only to the king in rank. Do you not see what chance a poor, unknown knight is likely to stand with such people, and in such a case? Ah—there's more danger than you are willing to believe."

"But I will make myself known; and as for danger, I laugh at it."

"But danger to the maiden you love?" suggested Gomez, meaningly.

"Enough. Let me think. Leave me now, Gomez."

Without speaking further, the faithful esquire turned from the place. He had been gone but a few moments when a shadow darkened the sward at the knight's feet. He gazed up, and beheld Eleanor. She had been passing, when the bowed form arrested her attention.

"How now, Sir Enrique?" she asked, entering the arbor. "Why so gloomy? Does the society here begin to tire you?"

He made a motion for her to sit by his side, which she did at once; and as she next gazed into his face, she saw that a deep agony was stamped thereon.

"What is it?" she asked, with sudden earnestness. Her look, her tone, and the quick show of alarm which was manifest, told more of love than she had ever shown before—so much so, that Enrique was for a while startled from the self-control which he had gained.

"You tremble—you are unhappy," cried the maiden, placing her hand upon his arm.

The touch thrilled the young knight to the very soul, and if he had resolved to keep his secret to himself, the resolution was gone now.

"Speak not to me so kindly," he uttered, hardly knowing what he said. "I am going away—going forth into the world once more."

The tones were spasmodic, and the youth trembled violently.

"Going!" repeated Eleanor, turning pale.

"Going!" was the response.

"But wherefore?"

The knight hesitated, and as he did so, he unconsciously took within his grasp the small white hand that lay upon his arm. Eleanor trembled more than ever. She loved, and she knew it. She had never loved before, though many a brave knight had been at her feet. But in the noble preserver of her life and her honor she had found all those qualities which at once took entire possession of her esteem, her respect, her firmest trust, and her devoted love.

"Wherefore?" she repeated, in a tremulous whisper.

"I had better speak no more. Let me go. I cannot remain here longer. I have been very blind."

The maiden [illegible] bright tear trembled for a moment upon her long, dark lashes, and then fell upon her cheek. Had she only spoken, he might have held his secret from words, but that silent messenger from the soul bore within its diamond depths such volumes of love that he forgot his resolution, and in low, thrilling tones he said—

"Once before I go—once in life—I will tell the sweet dream of bliss which has been mine—mine only to be lost. Pardon—pardon, gentle lady. If I am over bold, believe me, 'tis a mighty passion that makes me so. When I first saw your face on that day of conflict—so fair, so sweet, so prayerful in its gratitude—I felt my heart touched as it had never been touched before. And when I had known you better—when I found all the loveliness of that face but the reflection of as pure a loveliness within—then my heart was gone—I loved you as a true man can only love that which is true. I thought not of the consequences—I thought nothing of the wide difference in our stations—I only knew I loved—that 'twas sweet and heavenly to love one like you—and I dreamed on. But a sad awakening has come. I am poor and unknown, while you are affianced to the highest noble in the land.

"Unknown and uncared for by those in power," pursued Enrique, almost bitterly, "what have I to hope? What can come of this but pain and disappointment? Once more—pardon me, and may the thought that one true heart is yours never give you pain; and if I could know that in my wanderings your prayers would sometimes follow me, I should feel my heart less leavy, and my soul strengthened."

Eleanor's hand had lain all this time within the youth's grasp, and as he ceased speaking her head sank upon his shoulder. Was it strange that his arm should find its way about her reclining form, or that she should rest there confidingly? Or, was it strange that the loving knight should wish to know if he was loved in return? The wish was parent to the speech.

"One word more," he whispered. "'Twould be some pleasure to know that I was loved; and did I not hope so I would not ask the question."

"I cannot hide the truth. This poor heart is all, all your own; and it has been thus since first we met. I never loved before—I can never love another."

As the maiden ceased speaking she raised her head and gazed into her lover's face. Her fair cheeks were wet with tears, and a pure spirit of devotion was gleaming from her large, dark eyes.

At that moment another shadow was cast into the arbor. A man, small in size, and of a dark, cunning aspect, in the middle age of life, had stopped before the entrance; but as he saw that he was observed he passed on.

"Do you know that man?" the knight asked, quickly recalled from his pleasant dream. "I have caught him dogging my steps several times."

"It is Orlando, the private servant of the prince," said Eleanor, with a frightened look.

"And he will go and tell the count, your father, of what he has seen."

"Oh! he will tell the prince, too. There is the danger," cried the maiden. "Nunez is a bold, bad man. I like him not. He is capable of the direst revenge. But stay—listen," she added, with sudden energy, "I will never marry with him until I am forced to it. Who shall say what the future may bring forth? You are young and brave. Would you deem it an unworthy thing to labor for this poor hand?"

"For this hand? Oh! beneath yonder blue arch there is not another boon to compare with it!" exclaimed the youth, pressing the fair palm to his bosom. "Let us live in hope. I may make a name of which even your father——"

He stopped here, for he heard footsteps approaching the place, and very shortly Gomez passed, but without looking in.

"I will go to the house. I shall see you again."

"But if I should be forced to leave?"

"Then still I will see you if you are in the city. But, oh! *beware of the prince!*"

"I will; but let him in turn beware!"

"No, no, Enrique; you do not count his power when you say that. He can call many men to his aid. A whole army stand ready to do his bidding. Beware of him. If you love me, beware!"

"I will.—This one token.—There. The Holy Mother watch over you."

Their lips met—one kiss—a hurried blessing—and they separated. Where to meet next? Where?

"Good master," cried Gomez, in alarm, as the two met, "a spy is upon your track! A plot is being hatched up against you. The Prince Nunez has not been to his estate at Santa Maria. He has been east to Zerezo."

"But what of that? What have I to do with Zerezo more than with Santa Maria de Rosal?"

"You must judge from the falsehood the prince has told. Why should he say Santa Maria when he meant not to go there? But listen: Strange things may be hidden from us. Do you remember a quaint being who sometimes stopped at the old cot by the mountains—a half crazy minstrel—named Jinchillo—who dressed oddly, and played the harp?"

"Aye—I remember him well," returned Enrique, much interested.

"I have seen him. It was he who found the prince at Zerezo. He seems to have a deep interest in your welfare."

"Perhaps only a crazy interest," suggested the knight.

"No, no. He is no more crazy than I am. He has far more keen wit than many a man who passes for an oracle of wisdom. But you shall see him."

"What did he say, Gomez?"

"I could not tell you, for he feared to speak plainly. Only this much I know: The prince is plotting your ruin."

"Impossible! Nonsense, Gomez!"

"But it is not nonsense. It is—— Ah—here comes the count."

Enrique started as he saw the count approach; but in a moment he was calm, and received the nobleman as though nothing unusual had happened. De Velasco was equally unmoved, and bowed with a quiet coolness to the knight's salutation.

"Sir Enrique de Moneva," he said, with a stiff formality, "I think I have extended to you a generous hospitality. Our acquaintance is now at an end. By applying at my groom's lodge you will receive your horses. Fare thee well, sir."

"One word, my lord."

But the count only waved his hand, and turned silently away.

"It's all over here, my master," said Gomez. "You see what *he* is made of."

"And by all that is good, he shall yet see what I am made of!" pronounced Enrique, bringing his clenched hand upon his hip.

As he spoke he strode towards the dwelling, and when he had reached it he turned and bade Gomez have the horses ready. Then he ascended to the chamber he had occupied and collected the few effects he had left there. His armor was placed upon the beast of his esquire, and then the two rode forth together.

"Whither now?" asked Gomez, when they had gained the street.

"To some good inn."

"I know an excellent one."

"Then lead the way, good Gomez, and may God lead us both. Once more we are upon the world and our own merits."

They wended their course through the narrow streets, and as they went the young knight took little note of the stirring scenes about him. He had enough in his own thoughts to keep him busy; and they were strange and conflicting thoughts, too.

CHAPTER V.

ALMANZOR.—NEW LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE.

A good inn was found near the city wall next to the river, and there Enrique took up his quarters. It was towards evening on the second day of his stop there that he was aroused from a deep reverie by hearing a harp beneath his window, accompanied by a half wild, warlike song. Surely the knight remembered the soft strains of the instrument, and the notes of the voice. He hurried to the open casement and looked out. The harper was an old man; whitehaired and wrinkled; small in stature; dressed in a fantastic garb; with a tall, conical hat of blue and red, the colors being in circles, and the top, or peak, surmounted by a huge tassel of the same colors.

As Enrique stood there earnestly regarding the quaint figure the door was opened, and Gomez entered.

"It is Jinchillo," he said, with his hand upon the still open door.

"I know him. Send him to me."

The esquire disappeared, and soon the music ceased, and in a few moments Gomez introduced the harper, departing and closing the door as soon as had done so.

"Ah, good Jinchillo, your mingling notes of harp and voice almost make me live over again the old days among the mountains," said the knight, as he took the visitor's hand.

"If they could put you back among the mountains I should like it much better," returned the old man, taking a seat.

"So you come at once upon the mystic business you have with me," responded Enrique, with a smile.

"Yes, good sir—for 'twas for that alone I came."

[illegible] "And thus speaking the youth moved to a chair and sat down.

"First, Sir Enrique, I must have from you a promise: You shall not ask me one question beyond what I am free to tell. It may seem odd to you, and you may hence discredit my words. But I do assure you that I speak in all sober earnestness, and my only wish is for your welfare. Are you willing to give me such a promise?"

The knight was not a little surprised at the old man's manner. All his seeming craziness was gone, as if by magic. The peculiar wildness of his tone and look had disappeared, and he spoke seriously and sanely. He knew from that moment that Jinchillo must be of sound mind, and that the sirname of "*The Brainless*" which he had borne could have been but the result of mere whim.

"Let me ask you one question first, ere I give you answer," returned Enrique, after a thoughtful pause.

"You may ask it, of course."

"Then tell me why you have any interest in me or my affairs."

"If I answer that 'twill only sharpen your desire for more," said the old man, pondering a moment ere he spoke.

"No. I promise you then that I will listen, and ask only what you may be free to answer."

"Very well. I can only tell you this: Many years ago—when you were quite young—I made a solemn promise to one who loved you well, that I would, if I lived, be near you to watch over you in your hour of need."

"It was my father!"

"No—it was not your father; nor was it your mother. There—were you to hold your sword at my heart I could tell you no more upon that point. But your hour of need has come. You have an enemy upon your track who seeks your ruin—and he is a powerful one. You must leave the city for the present. I will find you a safe retreat. Had I known when old Fernandez died you should not have come here. But it's too late to talk of that now. The sooner you get out of the city the better."

"You speak of an enemy. You mean the prince Nunez?"

"Yes."

"And if I am to flee from him may I know what he has against me?"

"I know that he both hated and feared your father, and he hates you the same. Why this could be so I cannot tell. I only know that it is so."

"Was I born in this city?"

"No. I think you never saw it till you came here with the prince and the old count. But ask no more. Take my advise and leave this place."

The knight asked many more questions, but he could gain no more intelligence. Jinchillo was firm in his refusals, and in all he said he manifested so strong and sincere a desire for the youth's welfare that the latter finally promised that he would make up his mind by the next morning.

"Then in the morning I will see you," said the harper, as he arose from his seat. "But let it be as early as possible."

"I am an early riser," returned Enrique, "and when the sun is up you may come."

Jinchillo promised to be there, and then took his leave.

It was nearly dark when Gomez came in, and when a light had been struck master and man sat down to talk.

"One thing I charge you, upon the love you bear me," said the knight, earnestly and solemnly; "do you know who this harper is? where he came from, or who were his former acquaintances?"

"Upon my life, my master, I know nothing of him save that he is a friend to you."

Gomez spoke so earnestly that Enrique was forced to believe him. They were yet conversing when the tramp of heavy feet was heard upon the pavement below, and it was soon evident that a party were entering the house. Gomez started up in alarm.

"Is there no way of escape?" he cried.

"Escape!" echoed Enrique, with the pride of conscious innocence. "From what should we escape?"

But before the esquire could answer the door of the apartment was thrust rudely open, and six stout men-at-arms entered.

"What now, bold intruders?" asked the knight, starting back and placing his hand upon the hilt of the heavy sword he wore.

"We seek one Enrique de Moneva," replied the leader, in a business sort of a way.

"That is my name. What would you with me?"

"You must be our prisoner for a while."

"Your prisoner! and wherefore?"

"That we are not prepared to answer. I arrest you in the name of the king!"

"*The king!*" cried Enrique, with a start.

"'Tis some accusation of the prince's," whispered Gomez. "Make no resistance, as you value your life."

"If you have the authority of the king for my arrest," said the knight, "I am at your service."

"And is this Master Gomez Bambillo?" the officer asked, turning to the esquire.

"At your service, too, sir," the man returned.

"Your sword, Sir Knight."

Enrique hesitated.

"No, no—take not that!" he cried.

"Such was our order."

"But will it be kept safe for me? I would not lose it for a city."

"It shall be kept sacredly till you want it."

Thus assured Enrique gave up the much-prized weapon, and having seen the host, and been assured by him that his property should be kept safely, he suffered himself to be led from the inn. The officer walked in advance, two of the soldiers accompanied the knight, two more were with the esquire, while the sixth walked in the rear.

The way lay through many narrow, dark streets, and when they finally stopped it was before a grim, frowning mass of rock, which was pierced by a low archway. This was entered, and they soon came to an iron door, upon which the officer thumped loudly with the pommel of his sword. There was a drawing of bolts, the clank and rattle of chains, and then the ponderous door was swung slowly open.

"What bring you at this time of night?" asked the man who had thus opened the closed way, and who held a small lantern in his hand.

The officer gave him a piece of parchment, which he studied carefully, after which he directed the party to enter.

"What place is this?" demanded Enrique, as he gazed around upon the damp walls.

"It is a place where better men than you have been," returned the officer, in a rough tone.

The knight needed to ask no more. He was conducted across a small, open court—then through another archway—through another pass, which the keeper opened with his heavy keys, and when they stopped it was within a narrow dungeon, with floor and walls of solid rock, where lay rusting chains and well-worn manacles. There were the pallets of sackcloth, and the wooden stools.

"Not here! not here!" cried Enrique, startled from his *firm resolve by this scene.* "This is a felon's cell!"

"And yet here you must stop; so the easier you make yourself the better 'twill be for you," said the officer; and as he spoke he led the knight to one of the small stools.

Our hero gazed around upon the men who were in the cell, and by the dim light of the lantern he could see that they were stern, dark-visaged menials, who knew nothing of mercy in the pursuit of their calling. At first he had thought to plead further, but now he resolved to let them do their master's bidding, and await the result.

And that bidding was quickly done, and by men who were used to the work. Stout shackles were placed upon his hands and feet, and these were connected by a heavy chain. Gomez was secured in like manner, and then the soldiers turned from the place. Enrique spoke not to them again. He bowed his head upon his hands, which he could thus raise while in a sitting position, and waited for his conductors to pass out. He heard the heavy door close—he heard the bolts move, and the clank of the chain as it was drawn across—and when the footsteps died away, which they did almost instantly, for the solid walls possessed little power of reverberation, he raised his head. But he gazed only into utter darkness. With his eyes open or closed it was all the same. A close cavern in the center of the earth could not have been more dark.

"Gomez," he finally said, in a shuddering tone, "where are we?"

"In the prison of Almanzor, my master," returned Gomez, from the gloom.

"ALMANZOR!" echoed the youth, the rattling of his chain telling how he was moved. "Do you mean that pile of dark dungeons where the Moors died?"

"Yes."

"And did ever prisoner go out from here alive?"

"I never heard of one, good master."

"But did you ever hear that NONE went forth alive?"

"YES!" Gomez spoke the word reluctantly, but he dared not speak falsely at such a time.

Enrique said no more, and his companion would not break the silence. Finally they both sought their pallets, and by midnight both were asleep. The knight dreamed that he was back among the mountains, and that his old protector was with him; but he awoke to find all dark and chill about him, and after a while he remembered where he was.

"Gomez," he cried, "is it not day yet?"

"I think it must be, out in the world," replied the esquire; "but it will never be day here till these walls crumble to ruin!"

"What! must it be always dark? No light? No sun?"

"No—not here?"

"God help us!"

"If he don't I fear nobody else will," was the response of Gomez.

"Nunez de Castaneda has done this."

"Of course he has."

"But they said the king ordered it."

"If he did it was through some base lie of the prince."

At this moment the chain at the door rattled, and ere long two men appeared, one bearing a lantern, and the other, two earthen pots and two loaves of black bread.

"Say," cried the knight, "can I send a message to the king?"

"No!" was the laconic response.

"Can I send one to any person?"

"No!"

And without waiting to hear more the two men turned and left the cell.

"It's of no use, my good master," said Gomez, after the door was closed. "No menial can give you answer here."

"And do you think we can be slain here without the privilege of one word with those in authority? Without the least defense?"

"Of course we can. He who placed us here has the power to do as he pleases after he once gains possession of a body."

"But of what crime can they charge us?"

"Of ten thousand, if need be."

Enrique began to gain light. It was a dismal, deathly light, but it enabled him to see the true state of his case. He pondered upon it a long time, while the other was eating some of his bread. At length he started up and approached the place where his companion sat.

"Gomez," he said, in a deep, prayerful tone, "we must both die—I feel assured of it—but ere the blow falls I pray you to open to me your very soul. I know you hold more of the secret of my life than you ever told me of. By all your hopes of heaven—by the love you bear me—and by the awfulness of the dread doom which awaits us, I conjure you to reveal to me all you know. This place, with its awful associations, should surely unlock your lips. Come—tell me."

"Ah, my master, I fear you give me credit for more knowledge than I possess," replied Gomez; but he did it so reluctantly that his master at once knew that there was something behind.

"I only ask you—tell me what you know," the young knight urged.

"Well," resumed the esquire, after a few moments' pause, "we may not live to see another day. Death comes quietly and unannounced here. So I will tell you that which I once promised not to tell. But mind you, I was entrusted with but little, and even that vague. When Sir Fernandez called me from Arragon to come and serve you he told me I should have a man of good blood for my master. He gave me to understand that your parents died when you were an infant. There was some trouble shortly after you were born, but what it was I know not, though I think your father fell under the displeasure of the king. At all events, you were in danger; and from that I judged that all your family were proscribed, or something of that sort. I do certainly remember that there was much trouble in Castile about that time. The prince Nunez owns several estates in the kingdom, and it may be that he holds some property which would be yours if you had your rights."

"But how could he have known me?" queried Enrique.

"That is more than I can tell. He may have had spies about. You know a man in his position can do much."

"Have you any clue to my family name?"

"None at all."

"Or to the place of my birth?"

"None."

"And you can tell me no more?"

"I have told you all I know, my master—all."

"I thank you, Gomez.—Oh! if I could see the king!"

"It might be no better."

"It could be no worse."

Gomez could not controvert this, so he said nothing, and soon afterwards Enrique found his bread and water, and commenced his morning's meal. And as he ate he thought—and his thoughts had found a new channel—though the channel in *which they moved was a dark one, and led on to—*DEATH!

CHAPTER VI.

"LOST! LOST!"

Through the day—or, through what they supposed was day—for not one single ray of sunlight came to bless them—the knight and his esquire talked some, but not long upon any one subject until the latter commenced to call up some of the happy scenes at the old white cot. Until then the conversation had been dark and gloomy, and hopeful, by turns; though all the hope was of a spasmodic kind, based upon sudden flashes of indignation upon the part of Enrique, as he momentarily felt his great heart rise in his bosom; but as Gomez began to grow cheerful over the old times at the quiet cot the thoughts of his master took the same turn, and for awhile they almost forgot their fearful situation.

At what hour it might have been, or whether it were day or night, neither of the prisoners could tell, for time had passed too heavily to be counted; but while they were thinking that the day must have passed away into another night the clanking of the chain at the door fell upon their ears.

"What now?" wondered Enrique. "Another morning cannot have come."

"No—most surely not. It cannot be far into another night. But wait—we shall see."

As Gomez ceased speaking the door creaked upon its rusty hinges, and a man with a lantern appeared. He cast a quick glance upon the prisoners, and then placed his light upon the floor, and in a moment more he was followed by a slight, muffled figure, whose features were hidden by the folds of a long, velvet cloak.

"All right," said the jailer; and having delivered this decision he turned and left the place, closing the door after him.

As soon as the three were alone the new-comer threw off the cloak, and the dim light of the lantern revealed the beautiful features of Eleanor de Velasco. She stood trembling there until Enrique had arisen, and then, with a low sob, she sprang forward and sank upon his bosom. The youth would have wound his arms about her fair form, but the cruel chain held them down.

"You do not think me forward in this?" the maiden cried, as the first wild emotions had subsided.

"Forward in mercy, angel!" exclaimed Enrique, bending his head and kissing her upon the pure, white brow.

"I could not help it," she resumed, in broken, weeping accents. "I found you were in prison, and I must see you."

"Noble lady, your presence is the holiest and sweetest earth could have yielded me. A sun has come when I least expected it."

"And amid clouds and tempest," added Eleanor, sinking into the seat to which the knight had conducted her.

Gomez saw his master give up his stool, and quickly moving his own to the maiden's side he went and sat down upon the damp floor in the opposite corner. Enrique took the seat thus proffered, and then turned to his loved companion.

"How gained you admittance here?" he asked, taking her hand and pressing it warmly.

"Let me tell you all," the noble girl returned, brushing away her tears, and gazing up with a beaming eye. "Early this morning I sent a faithful servant to the inn where you had stopped. This same servant had followed you on the evening of your departure from our house, so I knew where you had lodged. She went, and the host told her you had been taken away by a party of the prince's guard, as a prisoner, on the night before, and that they conveyed you to the eastward. When Blanche returned with the answer the truth flashed upon me at once. I knew you were in prison—in the dungeons of the dread Almanzor—and I knew the prince Nunez had done it. I knew he had the power, and that he had the wish your own words had given me evidence. During the forenoon I saw him. All my agony was hidden, and I approached him subtly, and finally I gained enough from his own lips to fill up the measure of assurance. He spoke nothing directly, but his fiendish exultation at some deed he had accomplished was too apparent.

"What should I do? Go to my father I dared not. I was in agony—in torture of both mind and body. My head ached—my brain reeled. I had never loved before, and I had never dreamed how deeply, how wildly I could love. But I knew then—oh! I knew then!"

At this point the struggling girl burst into tears, and pillowed her head once more upon her lover's bosom.

"Oh! these accursed chains!" groaned the knight, as, in the wildness of the moment, he sought to rend the stout iron in sunder. "I cannot hold thee—I cannot press thee to this throbbing heart."

"Listen," resumed Eleanor, overcoming her tears and sobs by a powerful effort. "Let me tell you all, for time is precious. At length I thought of the king. I had often met him—he had often smiled upon me and flattered me while yet his father lived; and once, in a merry mood, he told me, when he should be king, he would grant any request I might make of him. I resolved to go to him if I could. When night came I found cloaks and hats for myself and Blanche, and stole out. I found Alfonso, and when he knew who would see him, he received me in private. I asked him if Sir Enrique de Moneva had been arrested. He thought a moment, and then told me, yes. He said his brother Nunez had caught two spies—two men of Cordova—who were in the employ of the moors, and that they would be shortly executed. He said the prince had found papers upon their persons which clearly implicated them, and he had given it into his brother's hands to serve them with justice. From all he said, I learned that Nunez had simply informed him that he had apprehended two spies, that he had the proofs of their guilt, and that the king had given him authority to deal with them as should seem just. I cannot tell you all I said. I told Alfonso how you slew the dreaded Bonovento in single combat, how you saved the lives of my father, the prince, and myself—and how you came and was our guest. And then, when the king urged me, I told him of my love, and why my father sent you away. After this I begged that I might see you, and he gave me a passport to your dungeon, and bade me return to him this very night."

"And is there hope? Will the king grant another boon?" cried Enrique.

"I will carry to him any message you will send."

"Then tell him this," the knight returned, starting up from his seat and clasping his hands; "tell him I was bred among the mountains of the north, and that I never left them till now. Tell him I am true Castilian, and my soul knows no other rule. Tell him I am a true knight, though his cousin of Navarre put on my spurs. Tell him I demand—aye, *demand*—as a right of a Christian knight, to meet Nunez de Castaneda, or whoever my accuser may be, in single combat. Fair to meet, place to fight, and the result be with God. Will you tell him all this?"

"I will—truly."

"He cannot refuse the boon, for 'tis the law of the land—'tis one of the rights of him who has taken upon himself the vows of knighthood."

"But the prince is the champion of Castile," said Eleanor, trembling. "He has never yet been vanquished. He is powerful in arms."

"Were he as powerful as the great God of War himself, I'd meet him!" exclaimed Enrique, clashing his manacled hands together. "I'd meet him, and, in his infamy, I'd vanquish him, and then—I'd be CHAMPION OF CASTILE!"

Eleanor gazed up with pride and admiration into the face of the noble knight, and with a word of hope upon her lips, she arose and rested upon his ample breast.

"I will say all you have said, and as much more as I can think," she replied, as she reached her hands up to his shoulders.

"Bless you for an angel of hope——"

The youth would have said more, but at that moment the door was opened, and the jailer made his appearance.

"It's ten o'clock," he said, rather more civilly than was his usual custom. "No stranger can remain here after that hour."

"I will at once to the king," whispered Eleanor. "Oh! I know he will be merciful."

There was a single kiss, and then the maiden turned away. She waited in the corridor while the jailer secured the door, and when he had picked up his lantern she followed him through the low, narrow archways to the outer gate, where she was dismissed. As she passed out through the covered entrance, she saw a dark figure crowded away in the gloom of a neighboring corner, but she could not distinguish the form in the darkness that surrounded her, and she hurried on. Close by she found her maid, and together they moved towards the palace. The streets were quite dark, for the citizens had put out their lights and gone to bed, and only the twinkling stars gleamed upon their pathway.

"There is some one behind us," whispered Blanche, after they had gone a short distance.

Eleanor quickly turned her head, and saw a man close behind them. She hurried on, and finally came to the great square below the hill upon which the royal palace was situated; but she had hardly entered it when the man passed her, and then turned and faced her directly in her path.

"My fair lady Eleanor, I think," he said, in a mocking tone.

The maiden uttered a low cry of alarm, for she recognized the voice of the prince Nunez.

"You should not try to find your way home so late at night, fair lady. You are already far from your path."

"Let me pass, sir," Eleanor rejoined, striving to overcome her outward emotion of fright.

"You shall indeed pass, my wanderer, and I'll pass with you. I'll give you safe conduct home."

"I can find my own way, Sir Prince, and if you be a man, you will not force your company upon me."

"You forget, fair one, that your very position shows that you need safe conduct, and, as a friend of your father, a true and devoted friend to you, I shall accompany you. So say no more. I would not like to exercise authority here, it would not be pleasant."

"Authority, sir!"

"Softly, Eleanor. I'll beseech thee if thou needest, but go with me you must. I shall not leave thee until I see thee safely within thy father's house. I heard thou had'st wandered, so I sought thee."

The maiden knew that she must return, and she concluded that to go quietly would be her best course. She could not go to the palace now. Nunez must know that she had been to the prison, and perhaps he knew of her visit to the king. She would go home, and once there her wits should be set to work.

"Will you take my arm, lady?"

"No. I will walk by your side."

The prince said no more, but turning towards the count's dwelling he started on, with the two girls by his side. Eleanor feared he would question her, but he did not. He had a better plan than that in his mind. When they reached the house, and had entered beneath the broad archway, where the porter gave them admittance, the prince stopped and addressed his fair companion:

"I may forget this if you never so far overstep the bounds of propriety again. Your father may not yet know of your absence. I shall not tell him. I wish you a very good night."

Eleanor made no reply, but hastened at once to the little private garden door that led to her own apartments, and of which she had the key, and was soon in her chamber. She did not weep now. She was calm and firm. She removed her hat and cloak, and then sat down, and Blanche followed her example.

The latter was a small, pretty, black-eyed girl, of eighteen years, with a face of more than ordinary intelligence; and the earnest gaze with which she regarded her mistress told that she was faithfully devoted to her.

"Blanche, I must see the king to-night. There's a terrible meaning in the manner of the prince."

"Command me, my mistress," returned the maid.

"I know not yet what to do. The avenues from our house may be guarded."

"I will go and see."

"Be careful, Blanche."

"Oh—I can find peeping holes enough. Have no fears on that score."

Thus speaking the girl glided from the apartment, and was gone some fifteen minutes. When she returned the sign of disappointment was upon her face.

"Every avenue is guarded," she said. "There is a man in the garden who, I am sure, is Orlando, the attendant of the prince; and of course he can keep watch upon all three of the doors opening thither. The old porter is at the great gate, and he can command both that and the wicket."

"Then all is lost!" the maiden groaned, with a fearful shudder.

"But if the king expects you may he not send for you?" suggested Blanche.

"Alas! I fear not. He may think my mission resulted unfavorably."

"Ha! There is the great postern at the river," uttered Blanche, suddenly starting from her meditation.

"But it is locked," said Eleanor, hopelessly.

"I know where the key is, my lady. It hangs up in the bargeman's room."

"But the boats are locked."

"The keys are all in a bunch."

"And can you get them?"

"I can try."

"Oh! do so. Do so, Blanche! A passage may be open after all. We can pull a light boat to the battlements of the palace."

"But how gain admittance there?"

"I have a pass from the king's own hand."

"Then wait. I'll to the bargeman's room at once, and if he sleeps to-night as he does by day all may not yet be lost."

Thus speaking Blanche procured a small garden lantern, and, having lighted the lamp, she removed her shoes, and then left the room. She was gone some time, but when she returned there was a clinching by her side which struck with hopeful notes upon Eleanor's ears.

"I have them, and the way is clear," whispered the maid.

"Then let us hasten," cried our heroine, waiting for no further thought. "Every moment more may be the link between life and death. On with your hat and cloak, and then lead the way."

They were not long in donning their outer garments, and then, with noiseless tread, they glided out into the broad passage. Down the great staircase they went—then crossed the hall to another passage—down another flight of stairs to a cooler, damper region—and finally to a great door of triple iron, which was set within an arch of solid masonry. The heavy bolts were easily withdrawn, and having selected a ponderous key from the bunch Blanche applied it to the lock. It turned with a loud clang which caused both the girls to start. They listened a moment, but hearing no sound they turned again to the door. It required their united efforts to pull it open, but they finally succeeded, and having passed out they pulled it to after them.

They were now upon a broad stone quay, and the waters of the Arlanzon flowed at their feet. Several boats were secured to the stout iron rings which were imbedded in the rock, and the smallest of these the girls selected. Eleanor stepped in first, and then Blanche found the key to the quaint lock which secured it, and when she had freed the chain she also descended the landing-place and got on board. She carefully laid the chain away in the bows, and then pushed the boat off with her hands.

"The current will set us towards the palace," said the maid, as she turned from the bows after having shot the boat out into the stream.

"Aye—and this wind will help us still more," added Eleanor.

"My soul!" exclaimed Blanche, as she realized for the first time the force of the breeze, "and it will make it hard for us to get back."

"Never mind—we can be strong for once," spoke the noble maiden, cheerfully. "Get out the oars now, and we will help ourselves along. Speed, speed, good Blanche. Oh, you know not how each moment hangs painfully upon my soul!"

"Mercy!" cried Blanche, as she groped her way towards her mistress.

"What is it?" asked the maiden, in alarm.

"Wait!——No—not here! My mistress, *we have no oars!*"

"But the tide and wind will take us there."

"And how shall we ever gain the shore? The current is in the middle of the stream. See how fast we go!"

And they did go fast. The spring tide was on—the snow was melting in the mountains—the wind blew freshly, and the light, frail boat went swiftly down the river. They had not thought of tides, of freshets, of winds, or of oars."

"Lost! Lost!" groaned Eleanor.

"No, no. We shall land somewhere."

"Oh! I meant not us. I meant another! God help me!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A MAN should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

"CLEAR THE TRACK."

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

"Out of the way there, you woman—clear the track—take your baggage out of a fellow's way."

To whom is he speaking? To those ladies with dresses wiping up the dust, spit and clutter of the depot floor? To those with handsome hats and caps upon them, and with elegant little traveling bags or baskets in their jeweled hands? To those who are leaning on the arm of friend, brother, or husband? No, to none of these. Do you think the man would be so insane as to speak in *that* tone to a dressed up lady? What if he *is* only a porter or a drayman, he knows better than *that*.

But this woman is no lady—if to *be* a lady one must wear dresses "a world too *long*," and carry pretty little useless fixings in one's hands. She is a poor, deformed creature, with a body all twisted out of shape, and a face as hollow as weariness, as pinched as poverty, and as peaked as anxiety can make it. She looks worried and wild and scared; and more so than ever when those rough tones accost her. Poor crooked little thing, what is it that hangs over one of her long arms? A live baby, as sure as you are born; and hers, too—you may be sure of that—for it has her pinched face in miniature. Poor, little thing! and in the other hand the woman carries a huge basket, to which is attached a bundle of large size. Thus burdened she makes haste to obey the order to "get out of the way;" and close about her feet crowd three little children, all bearing the stamp upon their features which marks them hers.

As shy and frightened as a brood of chickens when their mother cries "A hawk! a hawk!" are these poor little strangers. Each clutches a bundle in its tiny hands, and runs as much as possible into the way of the distressed mother, who by means of spasmodic jerks manages to get along her basket and her baby. Reaching a bench in the entrance room of the depot, she sinks down, and the little ones settle around her, and remain watching the confusion that is passing before them.

No one of all those empty-handed men offered to touch that basket, or in any way to assist that overburdened creature. A fine thing it is that we are all brothers and sisters in this world, is'nt it; and a fine thing that we all think so! Will any one ask *her* if she wants a boarding house? I trow not. Nor if she wants a carriage? How anxiously she glances round. She expects some one to meet her. Will "some one" come? Oh! may the friendly steps be hastened, for hard is the fate of *such* a stranger in a heartless crowd. Fine clothes, fine looks, fine airs, command instant attention; but woe to one who has only *this* to plead as a reason why favor should be shown—"I am a human creature, made as ye all are, by the will and by the power of God." No man will hear this plea—respect is not paid to humanity, but to silk and broadcloth; to gold and silver; and this is what makes ours such a wretched, hollow world.

Were that woman clad in costly garments, though she were forty times as deformed as she now is, there would be numberless hands stretched out to help her, and her ears would be assailed by offers of aid and direction; or were she young and beautiful, men would assist her, even though she wore plain clothing; but she is neither rich, nor beautiful, nor well made, and she must struggle through the crowd alone, thankful if she don't get *kicked* out of the way, as well as ordered out. Yet she is just as much human, just as much a woman, just as much a *mother* as though she were rich, beautiful and graceful. What then becomes of the doctrine that in every man's heart there is instinctive respect for humanity, womanhood and motherhood, *in the abstract?*

MAN.

Man is a mere fabric of the dust; a helpless and miserable being; whose life is but a span, which flourishes, as it were, but a day; whose body is destined to mingle with its kindred dust, and who may say to corruption, "Thou art my father;" and to the worm, "thou art my mother, and my sister." In this great system of being, there is no creature so wonderful in its nature as man, who is endowed with a soul, which, unlike the body, is immortal; for—

"'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul."

Man rises in the morning of youth, clad with vigor and expectation. He sets forward in life with spirit and hope, traveling on awhile in the difficult path of uprightness and morality. But at length, becoming more familiar with the ways of the world, he remits his fervor, and endeavors to mitigate his duty, and find some more easy means of obtaining the same end. He is apt to relax his moral vigor, and resolve no longer to be terrified with sins which appear at a distance. He enters the gardens of pleasure, but enters with fear and trembling, always hoping to pass through them without losing the path of virtue. But temptation succeeds temptation; and unless he is very guarded, he is allured from that high state, never to return. He becomes entangled in business, and immerses himself in luxury, till the darkness of old age comes on, and disease and anxiety obstruct his way. He then looks back with sorrow and repentance upon the past sins of his life, and wishes, but ah! too vainly wishes, that he had not forsaken the paths of morality and virtue.

Let us then be careful while young, that we do not fall into vice and wickedness, so that when old age shall overtake us it may find us leading lives of uprightness, pleasing to God.

AN IDEA ABOUT FORTUNE BUILDING.

A sudden accession of unexpected wealth is just as likely to make a niggard as a spendthrift. It is the first step that counts in hoarding; the difficulty is to make a beginning worthy of your future efforts to increase it. What can a person do with a few dollars? It is too little to invest in stocks, or buy a house; it is even dangerous to keep in your house; you must spend it in your own defense. Such is our treatment of small sums, large ones seldom pay us a visit, and the consequence is that few people in common life safe money. Let a foundation be once laid, and we feel such a pride and pleasure in building up our fortune that we rarely abandon the enterprise. Few who have felt the difficulty of acquiring, and the gratification of possessing property, ever fall into extravagance. This is the great merit of the Saving Banks; they form a nucleus for the humblest ambition, and are sure to become powerful stimulants of frugal and moral habits.

A LITTLE LIGHT.—"Mr. Smith, you said you once officiated in a pulpit—do you mean by that, that you preached?"

"No, sir; I held the light for the man what did."

"Ah!—the court understood you differently. They supposed that the discourse came from you."

"No, sir; I only throw'd a little light on it."

FOREVER AND FOREVER.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

In a brown, time-old book, written in by-gone years,
A quaint old volume full of strange and antique lore,
I found—twined in among Life's loves and hopes and fears,
This thought—as startling now as 'twas perchance, of yore:
Each spoken word, for good or evil uttered,
Died not in silence, but through mid-air fluttered,
Forever and Forever.

There settled on my heart a solemn air. To think
Each word we breathe, if foolish, or if false or vain,
Beneath the turbid waves of Lethe does not sink;
But—with the ample realm of Space for its domain—
Floats hitherward and thither—never ceasing,
But, as the years glide on, still keeps increasing
Forever and forever.

I closed the book. I said, the Past, then, does not die;
But we perchance one day shall in its temple stand,
And Memory, with accusations in her eye,
Holding the record in her red avenging hand,
Shall bid us listen while her lip rehearses
The blessings that our words transformed to curses
Forever and Forever.

Oh, should we not be careful of the words that slip
In passionate moments down the grooves of speech?
When angry accents tremble on the curling lip
And Charity in vain for Silence doth beseech;
In knowing that each word, thus uttered, floweth
Through Space, and on its circling journey goeth
Forever and Forever.

THE SKELETON;

OR,

MY FIVE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR FEE.

BY AN OLD ATTORNEY.

Having received my license to practise law in due form, not a little elated with my exaltation in dignity, I proceeded from my father's house, followed by my mother's blessing and my father's hearty "good luck, Frank," to the small town of R——, where I had resolved "to put up my shingle."

The week after my arrival, as I was seated in my office door smoking a cheap cigar, and wishing that the whole pacific town would get by the ears and wrangle, to give me a chance for legitimate employment in my profession, a short, fleshy man, evidently "a gentleman," as gentlemen go, came in, and, bowing in an off-hand manner, said interrogatively—

"This is Mr. Smart?"

"Yes, sir, at your service."

The visitor put on a grave air, and said, as he drew his chair near mine—

"Are you afraid of ghosts, sir?"

"Never saw one—can't say, sir."

"Cautiously answered like a shrewd attorney, eh? Well, sir, *I* am!"

"You are, sir?" I asked, marveling what he aimed at, for his looks were full of mystery.

"Yes, sir, I *am*. I've come to consult you as a professional gentleman."

"You had best get the parson, if it is to lay a ghost," I said, drily.

"The parson can't do anything. It is a law matter. Hear the case, sir. I own a large house, with four rooms below, and four above. It is an old house. When I was a boy, ghost stories used to be told about it. Well, sir, I wanted to sell it at the beginning of this year, but some enemy revived the ghost story, and awful sounds enough to scare the devil were heard in it by night, as folks rode by. So at last I had to let that rattle-trap good for nothing Tom Lawless, and his wife and eight children, go into it out of charity, rent free."

"He wasn't afraid of ghosts, this Tom Lawless?" I asked.

"Not he! I've just found out he made 'em himself!"

"The ghosts?"

"Yes, and the infernal noises! They stopped as soon as he took possession, which I thought odd; but now the cat's out of the bag! The fellow, who never could pay his rent, and would sell his shirt for liquor, got up the scare to keep me from selling it, so that he could live in it."

"Who is Tom Lawless?"

"Well, he used to be a vagabond lawyer, begging your pardon, sir. But he was a great wit and wag, and told a capital story, and so he spent most of his time with a jolly crew at the tavern, till his clients left him, and poverty crept in at his broken window and elbows. But though his wife and children grew ragged, and his nose red and bottle-shaped, he cared not a brass farthing, so that he could get a glass of liquor and tell a broad story, or play some prank. In his cups he is shrewd and humorsome, and loves a practical joke, the vagabond! Well, he resolved to sponge me out of my house, and he has done it. Now, how shall I get him out? for now that I have proved the ghosts were his getting up, I have a buyer who is ready to take it off my hands. I've been up to Tom, and told him he must quit."

"What answer does he make?" I asked.

"That he has planted a crop of cabbages, and I must wait till they grow and come to head. I saw Judge Perkins an hour ago, but he says that Tom may keep me out a year if I go to law. If I sell at all, the buyer must have possession the first of next month. The truth is, the other lawyer is putting Tom up to hold on."

"Where is the house?" I asked.

"Go up to the head of that street. You will come to a wide gate at the end, which opens into a neglected lawn, and grounds with fine trees. In the midst of the trees you will find the old mansion. It belonged to my great uncle. There is a story that Sir William Howe and staff quartered in it, and that a fair girl was betrayed by a lieutenant, and drowned herself in the well; and that is the old story about the ghost. They said it used to be seen at times rising out of the well!"

I listened attentively, and then asked—

"What sort of ghost did this Lawless raise?"

"He tried to make out this young woman rising from the well. It was seen, and frightened folks terribly, what with the noise. But now it turns out that he was up in a tree that has a branch over the well, and hoisted up and down a white figure he had made."

"Very ingenious," I answered. "If I put your house into your possession, what fee will you pay me?"

"Five hundred dollars. The property is worth nine thousand. Put it into my hands by the first of the month, and you shall be paid the amount I have named."

That very afternoon I took my shot-gun, for I was a great bird-shooter, and lounged with it, as a foil to my true purpose, carelessly in the direction of the haunted house. It was a timeworn, stately affair, but much dilapidated, with broken windows, battered gallery, and fallen fences, with pigs and poultry and a mangy dog occupying the untidy lawn. It had evidently been a stately old-time residence. As the gate was broken down, I entered the grounds, and was at once hailed by a group of handsome but dirty and ragged urchins of both sexes, who came as near to me as they dared, for awe of my gun.

This brought to the door a thin-faced dame, with a cross face and slattern looks, for poverty and a drunken, lazy husband brings sulkiness and neglect of personal appearance. She looked at me, and then called out to some one within—

"Tom, here's a man going to shoot about here! He'll kill some o' the children if he ain't careful."

At this a man with an old green jacket and white trowsers (once white a month ago) came out and looked at me, while I looked at him. I saw at a glance that it could be none other than Tom Lawless. He was a little under the middle hight, and had evidently been pot-bellied, with a fat, jolly and unctuous face, but hard drink and hard fare had shrunken his aforesaid circumference, and he looked as if going to seed. He was unshaven, and wore an old straw hat, torn badly. There was a look of good-nature and sly humor in his eyes, and I could easily see that in his best days he might often have set a "table in a roar."

I bowed civilly as to a gentleman, and said—

"Pardon me, sir. I am looking for birds, and learning the mansion is connected with Lord Howe's memory, I have taken the liberty to come in the yard and ask permission to look at it."

"By *all* means, my dear fellow!" responded Tom, cordially, and evidently delighted to have company and be noticed. "Come in, sir—come in! I'll show you about the old rookery with pleasure!"

I advanced, and he took me by the hand and shook it with courtesy, and said, apologetically, as he led me into the hall—

"You must excuse appearances. The best of our furniture is gone to be varnished, and my wife always takes up the carpets in the summer, and has not yet got them down, though it is somewhat late in the fall. I would ask you into my library, but the truth is, I have taken a fancy to have all my books uniformly bound, and they are at the bindery. Get out of the way, you ragamuffins," he called to his children, as much like him as a young rabbit is like an old one; "go home, all of you. The fact is, sir, the fellow disappointed me in lumber, and my fence is broke, and these poor folks' children come in and overrun the place as if they were my own. Why don't you go home, hey?" he added sharply, yet with humor in his eye which he was unable to conceal.

"We is home, pappy."

"Whar sall we doe to, dad?" were the sensible responses of the barefooted little Lawless rogues.

Tom did not choose to hear, but led me first to the bannisters of the broad hall stairs.

"Yes, sir, Lord Howe quartered here. His aid-de-camp rode horseback up and down these steps on a bet. You see they are broad and shallow. Here are dents of swords all up and down the hand-rail, as the officers lounged and talked, and hacked away for kill-time, as boys whittle. Come, up, sir. You see the walls are all wainscoted with oak panel. All the rooms so, too. Here, sir, is an upper window. Look at the names of officers and of young English women they left at home. See, the dates are 1777 and '78. Come into this large attic room. Here they used to drill in wet weather. See, the ceiling overhead is full of three-angled bayonet punches, as they carried arms too high and stuck the plaster.

"A fine old mansion," he said, after he had taken me over the house, the figure of his poor wife flying before the invasion from room ro room. "Has it any particular history?"

"Well, there are, of course, old ghost stories to all such houses," he said, with a twinkle. "But I'm an unbeliever."

"What of the ghost story here?" I asked carelessly.

"Well, it was not in the house. The ghost is called the 'lady's spirit.' They say a young officer wronged the daughter of the owner of the house, and cast her into the well alive to conceal his crime, and that she *walks!*"

"Let me see the well, if you please. I am a believer in ghosts," I said, gravely.

"You are?"

"I have known several visitations of spirits to earth well established."

"You have! I reckon it was all a cheat put upon you!"

"No. I had full proof. I have no more doubt," I added, solemnly, "that the dead return and make themselves visible where they were murdered, than that I see you before me, sir."

I then proceeded to relate to him some extraordinary ghost-stories which I almost began to believe myself. I shook his faith, and fixed his trembling credulity in their "*walking the earth* in mysterious shapes." I examined carefully the well and its surroundings, until the whole scene was fully stamped upon my memory. Before I left the place I had formed my plan of operations. I saw that Lawless was a shrewd, stubborn fellow, and that I should have to play my hand skillfully.

I took a polite leave of him, and placed *delicately* a half dollar in his palm "to buy candy for the children." I then continued my way into the grove beyond the mansion, and for form's sake made three or four shots at sparrows, and by a detour reached my office.

Near me was the office of young Doctor Forster, an old college chum, and out of friendship with whom I had mainly come to the village to settle. I went to him and made him a confident, and asked his co-operation, which he gladly consented to give. He had, as I well knew, a skeleton on wires in his closet. I was a remarkable ventriloquist, and had I not been a lawyer I could have lived by ventriloquizing and vagabondizing.

The next day I prepared a string of strong twine, which I dipped into my ink bottle in order to die it black, so as not to be visible by night. I also provided a gimlet, and grooved trucks for pullies. That night after all was still the doctor and I gained the well, and arranged all for our project. With the gimlet I bored holes in the branches of two trees, and fixed the trucks firmly, over which the twine was to run. This was fastened twenty feet off, high up in the oak, but the running gear was clear to the other end over the well. Having secured this and made all ready, and concealed our work so that no eye about could discover it by day, we returned to our office.

That day the doctor managed that Lawless should drink no liquor, by meeting him and telling him he had symptoms unmistaekable of the cholera, and that a glass of liquor for the next twenty-four hours would develop them; while abstinence, and a pill he kindly and handsomely gave him, without charge, would prevent its coming to a crisis.

That night, about eleven o'clock, the skeleton, clad in a long robe of white linen, with a white cap on its face, was carried by the doctor to the place of operations. The doctor had covered the bones of the face and hands with a preparation of phosphorous flour, which shone frightfully in the dark, before we left the office. I climbed the tree, and brought down the end of the cord, which I hooked to a ring in the wires on the head of the skeleton. A second cord was now stretched across the yard round the corner of the house, along which the ring on the skeleton's head could slip by loosing the cord in the tree, so that it would have the appearance of gliding along over the ground. There was no moon, and the night was favorable to our operations.

"Do you think he will come out?" I asked of the doctor in a whisper. After having renewed the phosphorus, we had lowered the ghastly ghost into the well.

"Yes. The last pill of ipicac I gave him at dark will make him too sick to sleep long. He will soon wake up. But as it is twelve o'clock, you had best try your ventriloquism on him, Frank."

I then took my post in the tree, and the doctor got round the corner of the house where the cord led.

I now commenced groaning. After three deep moans I uttered a wild shriek! It startled even myself, and made my blood curdle. Then all was still. Then followed a movement in the house. Then a man's head was put out of the lower window.

"What infernal yelling and groaning was that," I heard Tom say. "Then," he added, "I do believe I've got the cholera, in spite of that young doctor's confounded pills! Wife, I'm sick, as if I was drunk! But wasn't that a yell?"

"I never heard the like!" cried his wife, with alarm, looking out. "It seemed to come from about the well."

I felt misgivings. It was a pity to frighten the poor woman. But then I reflected as a lawyer: ejectment of the man must be the ejectment of wife and children, and that I was not professionally answerable for consequences. With this salvo I suddenly uttered another piercing shriek, throwing my voice into the depths of the well.

"Oh! Tom, Tom—that is dreadful," said the wife.

"It's 'mazing strange! Hark—there's groans!"

"Let us run!"

"No. I reckon it's some foolery, just as I had, to scare me."

"It may be worse, for it was wicked for you to pretend the ghost, Tom, of that murdered lady. She *may* walk. What can it be—I hear groans!"

"So do I. Look—what is *that!*" he cried, in terror. "That is no scare-crow ghost, but a real one! Look—it rises from the well! Heaven and earth help us, and be merciful to a poor sinner! See! it is her skeleton, all a-fire! her ghost—her real ghost!"

Slowly in the tree I drew up the apparition to the earth's level. It was a fearful sight even to me—what, then, to those who saw it from the house. It was now drawn by the doctor, who also held a line connected with it, along the cord towards the house. It seemed to walk on air as it slowly moved along, its phosphorescent visage grinning under its white cap, and trailing its long linen shroud upon the earth, while its skeleton shiny arms were outstretched as if to grasp some one. At the same time I threw my voice into it, and it began to speak:

"Thomas Lawless, I have come to avenge my wrongs on thee! Thou hast pretended to raise me for thy own evil ends—I am now come to thee for mine! Come forth and follow me, for thy days are ended, and thine hour is come!"

It passed close to the window, and seemed to approach him. His wife first shrieked (poor woman) and fell. Tom, who had stood it pretty well, unable to endure a shrick with which the apparition seemed about to spring upon him—for the doctor, creeping underneath the window, had directed its course towards him—opened his throat, and gave vent to such a great bellow of terror that I nearly burst with laughter. He then caught up his wife, and calling to his children, who had gathered about him, fled from the front door, followed by my cries, which seemed close in his ears. The doctor, catching up the skeleton, started in pursuit, till satisfied that Tom was thoroughly frightened from the place.

We then covered the ghost with a cloak, gathered carefully up all our lines and twine, and by a round-about way reached my room, leaving the whole neighborhood about the haunted house awake, and up, and affrighted at Tom and his wife's account of the dreadful apparition of the "skeleton lady" which they had seen.

The next morning I had a constable in the house to take possession. The whole village was amazed at what had happened, for Tom and his wife and children all agreed in their story; and as Tom swore that he would never set foot there again, those who knew him believed he had actually seen a ghost; for they were sure nothing less would have led him to vacate his comfortable quarters.

When the bank opened that day my client paid me my fee of five hundred dollars. The purchaser was necessarily told by me the stratagem by which Tom was ousted, for the story of "the ghost" had made such an impression upon him that he had made up his mind not to buy; but when he saw in the doctor's office the skeleton he was satisfied.

As for Tom, the truth soon leaked out, and he never held up his head among his brother topers again, nor cracked a joke more. He had signally been defeated with his own weapons, and had no more heart left. He died the following year in the poor-house, and his wife soon followed him, while his children were scattered among the families of the village.

This, my first fee and first "case," was the ground of my success as a lawyer. From that day I began to thrive, and I am now a man of mark and substance, thanks to Tom Lawless. Peace to his manes!

THE LOST LOVE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

I have often asked myself the question—"What becomes of all our lost loves?" Where do all those strange feelings go to, which have once been a part of our very lives, and which, we thought, could never be taken from us without wounds and bleeding and death? Have they flown away forever, bright birds of a fairer land, or, when the bustle of this lower world has died away upon our ears, and we are breathing the purer air of the New Jerusalem, will they unfold their wings, and nestle softly down upon our hearts again, and make a part of the joy of that country as they once could do of this? There have been such attachments even in my childish heart as have left their impress upon my whole life—there have been feelings which have been smothered, and joys which have faded almost before I had them in my grasp—there have been heart-achings beneath an outward calm, and tears lurking beneath my brightest smiles, for these rainbows in my path, "which were, and which are not;" and one of the hopes with which I look forward to the end of all, has reference to them. Somewhere, I believe, in the land whose beauty no mortal eye hath seen—somewhere among the quiet valleys of Paradise, (if my weary steps can ever win that way,) I shall come upon the sweet, fair faces whose loveliness has moved my soul to tears. I shall know them all again; and there shall be no parting, no anger, no grief—no tears to be wiped away. The dear old playmates of my childhood, and the companions of my later years—those whom I loved with all the ardor of an untried heart, and those to whom my more earthly worship has been given—one or two who have been faithful, and many who have met me with a Judas kiss upon their lips—some who mourn for me, and some for whom I mourn—I hope they will all be there. Sweet indeed would be our heavenly welcome to each other—sweet the feeling of utter security with which, incapable of sinning—incapable of deceiving each other, or of offending Him who sits upon the throne—we should walk together by the river "that makes glad the city of our God." When will that time be near at hand?

As I write these words I look back upon my strange, eventful life, and a smile and a tear well nigh come together. Many will read them to whom I am but a shadow and a dream, but many more, alas! to whom I have been too sad a reality. The eyes which have looked into my own will turn upon this page, and sighs will pass over lips that I have kissed, as the memories of days now gone forever come up; for here and there, scattered throughout the States of my native land hearts are beating to whom some words of mine must come like the stroke of a dagger, sharp and keen. Oh! all ye dear ones—by the banks of the great St. Lawrence, or by the flowing of the blue Hudson's silver tide—in the heart of the New England hills, or encamped before the city of the Mormons—dwelling in happy homes, or wandering, lonely and sad, over the green prairies of the West—my heart is with you all to-day—my soul feels that what has been once a part of it can never entirely perish, and that somewhere, in God's good time, this riddle of our existence will be made plain.

As a pearl drops from its setting, and, without being trodden under foot, yet rolls away from its owner's reach, and is seen by him no more, so have some of these loves suddenly fallen out of my daily life, without a warning. And no heart could be fairer or purer than the one of which I write to-day.

I was but a child of ten, when I was sent for a time from my guardian's house, to a maiden lady in the country, more than twenty miles away. The summer was a sultry one, and in town the cholera was already raging. But at Miss Betsey's brick farm-house the very air itself seemed to have changed, and the heat of the sun was nothing when it came through her vine-shaded windows, or the rustic porch of her outer door. It was the first time I had ever been from home, but in the place of crying myself sick that night, as my cousins had predicted, I slept the sleep of the just till early morning, in a little low bed, placed in the chamber Miss Betsey allowed me to call my own. And oh! that chamber—"the chamber whose name was Peace," where shall I ever see the sun rise again as it used to rise while I was watching it there? When will breezes ever blow for me like those that fanned my cheek as I sat upon the floor, reading Robinson Crusoe and the Arabian Nights! I have never seen so fair a homestead, nor such green meadows, and blue, distant hills, and dancing brooks since then. Only a year ago I stood in the dear old place, with the pomp and glory of summer around me, and the bright banners of the autumn hung on every tree—yet with all the crimson, and gold, and purple of the forest, the scene seemed dull and sad. It was because I stood there with the heart of twenty-two instead of the heart of ten beating in my bosom, and because the spectacles [illegible] childish eyes looked and saw the world—a fairy land of fair women and fair men, were shattered, and tarnished, and bent in the bows, and could never be put on any more.

Miss Betsey had many a pretty thing in her house, but the prettiest of all was her orphan nephew "little Ben," with his pale face, and blue eyes, and curling, yellow hair. And here, if I must tell the exact truth, was the reason why I did not cry at leaving my home. While I had Ben for a playfellow, from the time I rose in the morning till the time I went to bed at night, I was too happy to shed any tears for the stiff stateliness of my guardian's house. I think we two children lived in Paradise that summer. Hand in hand we must have gone straying out of this work-a-day world into a region of romantic beauty, fair as the garden of Irem; but I have lost the "open sesame" now.

Miss Betsey's garden was famed far and near for its "golden apple-tree," which stood on a little hill sloping to the South, and well deserved its name; and Ben and I were the two dragons that watched the precious fruit, and gathered it when the autumn frosts came on. We fed the squirrels that chirped and chattered in the butternut-trees above our heads; we discovered wonderful nests of ground birds in the long grass, and went each day to feed the young ones till they were able to fly; we drove from pasture the "dun cow," whose amiable qualities were on a par with those of her predecessor in the ballad of "Kathleen O'Moore;" we had long exploring expeditions through the woods, and came home laden with our treasures of leaves, and mosses, and flowers; and on rainy days we read together from the same book, and acted plays for the benefit of Miss Betsey and her cat, who blinked solemnly by the kitchen fire the while. We went to school each day in the little brown school-house on the hill, where Ben's mother had been before him, and learned our tasks together as we sat in the porch, after tea, to watch the sun go down. We had a swing in the sugar woods, and a trip-hammer and water-wheel by the side of the brook, to say nothing of a real little boat that would sail, and was often launched on the waters of the bright Queechee. Miss Betsey was content to see us happy, and rarely interfered with us in our work and play. Poor, weary and sad-hearted woman! I have often thought since that our baby love was the one bright spot in her monotonous life, and reminded her, not unpleasantly, of the days of her own childhood, which had been spent in the self-same house.

Some of our favorite nooks were strange ones for such children. One was an old deserted farm-house, fast going to decay, whose doors were off their hinges, and whose floors cracked even beneath our light tread. We have lingered there for hours at a time, telling each other stories in the great kitchen, or peeping timidly into the chambers and the cellar, half expecting to see a bona fide ghost come up and look us in the face. I think the sun never shone so brightly and softly in any other place but one, of which I will speak, though not just yet. There were blue flies buzzing about the open panes, brown bees humming in the garden, and swallows twittering about the eaves, while the gray squirrels ran fearlessly in and out of the old pantry, and bright-eyed mice crept cunningly across the kitchen floor. We passed many a happy Saturday afternoon in the old place alone. I wondered, when I checked my horse there last year, and entered over the decaying gate—I wondered what the charm could have been. The brown bees were silent, and the swallows' nests were empty; dust and dirt had settled thickly on the kitchen floor, and the rain was falling through the broken roof. It was a sadder pilgrimage than I ever care to make again.

The other place to which I have alluded was a churchyard almost opposite the farmhouse, which had been neglected and finally shut up, when the tide of population flowed from, instead of towards it. In the village, three miles away, was a new "cemetery," with iron gates, and trees and flowers planted over the carefully laid out grounds, and almost every one wished to be laid there. But little Ben and I did not care to visit the place. Our hearts were with the deserted ground upon the hill-side, with its sinking stones, its white wooden fence, and its roses growing wild in all directions. Ben's mother and father were buried there; he often used to point out their graves to me, and go and clear away the weeds from the violet roots that took the place of grass. We knew all the family names upon the stones; we had heard Miss Betsey speak of some of the very people who were buried there, and we felt an interest in them, and paid our visits to them as regularly as if they had been living to appreciate the childish courtesy we showed. Sometimes we used to walk up the hill when the harvest moon was shining broad and full, and look at the stones that gleamed so white, while the sweet sense of a peaceful repose struck upon our hearts even then, and we half wished that we were lying there. Oh, weary life of mine, I turn from you to-day and close my eyes, and the village churchyard stands before me in the moonlight, and I see my little schoolmate's locks of gold, and if I wished then to lie down and be at rest, how fervently do I sigh for its quiet, now that the "evil days" have come upon me, and I am forced, however I may cheat myself and others, to say, "I have no pleasure in them." I know only too well that the stranger's hand must close my eyes and hollow out my grave, but oh! that it were possible to rest where the beautiful Queechee flows along; where the wild roses grow, and the birds sing in the silence; where the name graven on my headstone would sometimes be read by those who bear it—close, close to my little playmate's grave.

Yes, he is waiting for me there. Our summer passed but too rapidly away, and we were separated—I going to be educated in a distant State, while he remained among our native hills. For years I never heard his name. But one day, when, after passing through trial after trial, I had gained a name and position for myself; when I had trodden my enemies under foot, and stood among my fellows rich, prosperous, and outwardly happy, though alone, in the first flush and glow of that triumph and success, I heard that "little Benny" was dead. "Little Benny" no more to others, but forever so to me. He had gone like one I had met and spoken to in a dream; gone like a light from the sunset, or a sweet note from my favorite song; gone without taking one hope, or aim, or pleasure from my life, and yet how much I missed him. His life was pure; his soul had kept its whiteness; he was dear to God, the golden-haired and golden-hearted child. Therefore I know that I shall one day meet him. One day, if I follow in his steps; if I keep his meekness and his simplicity always in my heart; if I am loving, and gentle, and obedient, and humble as a little child, I shall find my hand held firmly in His who loved little children, and who loves them yet, and we shall go together across the dark river, and up into the green pastures whose shepherd is our Lord. It will be well with us then—with us all, my dear ones, I hope and pray. No more sighing, or being acquainted with grief; no fears, no troubles, and no sin, but peace—exceeding peace—and we shall [illegible] together in our Father's home, and your voices will be tuned to the new songs, and

"One of the joys of my Heaven will be
The little boy that died."

THE WAY-SIDE HUT.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

"God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty."

It was a perfect little *pen* that we looked on.

"This is the place," said my young companion.

We had come out to seek for a singular personage, at whose expense there had been much merriment about town. She was called foolish, and all the great, unruly boys who had nothing better to do than to seek for mischief, considered her as lawful game. Her house had several times been burned down about her ears, and various had been the persecutions of the poor, old, defenseless woman. We had heard such curious accounts of her that we had now undertaken to visit her.

"No, no, my dear, *this* cannot be a human habitation," said I, in reply to my companion's remark.

"Yes it is; and here are the dogs that were described to us. See—both of them. I wonder if they will bite."

While we stood looking at the dogs and at what Emma had called a house, which was hardly as large as an omnibus, and of doleful appearance, a little, odd-looking woman, with a pipe in her mouth, came out of the den, and stood leaning over a gate to talk with us. This was she whom we had come to seek. We asked permission to enter, although we had our doubts about being able to squeeze our hoops in. But after some considerable trouble and risk we managed it, and were invited to sit down. This, however, we declined to do. We were in a curiosity shop. The place was packed with all manner of rubbish; it was too dark to tell clearly what any thing was.

Such a hole, thought we, for a poor old woman to live in. Our spirits sank very low. We couldn't think of anything pleasant to say.

"See here, lady," said the little creature, in a pleasant tone. "Here is the picture of my Christ, and there are some verses underneath the picture. Wont you read them for me?"

I readily complied.

"Do you love *Him?*" I asked, pointing to the picture.

"Yes, I do. He is my Friend," was her hearty answer. "Tell the people that Jesus is my friend."

That desolate and miserable hovel the house of one dear to the Lord! Tears started to our eyes.

"Well, if He is your Friend, it don't matter so much about *now;* for you'll soon have a house that is large enough, handsome enough, and light enough."

"Yes," she answered, quickly; "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

We were astonished. That woman a *fool!* It is a pity that some of those who are flashing in jewels, and swinging their extensive trains of costly silk through the wide parlors of yonder great hotels, were not fools "of the same sort."

We walked homeward, musing deeply of what will be the changed position of things and people in that other state where each one will rank, not according to the length of his purse, or even of his worldly wisdom, but according to his purity of heart and love of God; and we remembered that it is said, "Not many of the wise, not many of the noble," are *chosen*, though *all* men are *called*.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1858.

OUR ONLY TERMS.—Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $6; eight copies, $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1,50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free*. Terms, invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The notes of all specie-paying banks taken at par. When a draft or check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail.

ALL LETTERS containing subscriptions, or in any way relating to either the editorial or business department of the paper, must be addressed to ROBERT BONNER, NEW YORK LEDGER office, No. 44 Ann street, New York. We will not guarantee the delivery of the paper when parties subscribe to any agent. Always send your money direct to this office, and be careful to give us the name of the Post-office, County, and State, to which you wish the paper sent.

WE always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, you should renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends hereafter to act as such you can put him down as a swindler

SUBSCRIPTIONS are always dated from the beginning of the leading story, unless the subscriber informs us of the time when he wishes his subscription to begin.

WE CANNOT change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his *former*, as well as his present address.

WONDERS.

Livy, speaking of Evander, one of the fathers of pre-historic civilization in Italy, says that he was regarded with awe and wonder because he brought with him from the East "the miracle of letters," (miraculum literarum). The alphabet, then, was one of the early miracles of civilization. When a rude but ingenious race beheld their thoughts and words inscribed on bark or parchment, and re-produced to them with exactness from those mute signs, what must have been their surprise and bewilderment! There was a bridge spanning the abyss between matter and mind! There was a visible, material, immutable type for "winged words" and yet more fleeting, changing, quick-vanishing thoughts! What talk and speculation would there be under the oaks and along the hill-sides of Etruria, about the consequences of the discovery. Tradition, that fragile, mutable vehicle of history, would no longer be relied on. Facts, bargains, sayings and doings of all sorts would now be preserved in a fixed form. It was a "miracle!" But suppose some prophet had risen among them, and foretold that as ages rolled away, wood and metal would be fashioned into types for the exact and rapid imprint of these "miraculous letters;" that the vapor which rose from their simple mess of pottage would not only propel men with bird-like speed over land and sea, but with Titanic strength would drive on machines which would multiply these letters like the leaves of the forest, the drops of the sea, or the rays of the [illegible] which rolled and flashed over their heads would come down and reprint those letters, almost with the speed of thought, and without the deviation of a single hair stroke, on the other side of continents and seas. How would their wonder at the first miracle have melted away in amazement at the last! Yet such a chain of miracles has history presented. Who can tell, who would even venture to guess, what are to be the coming links of the marvelous chain. For no man supposes that we have reached the last of them. Rather, on the contrary, according to all former analogy, each successive link in the wondrous chain will appear more wondrous than the last. Alphabetic letters, printing, magnetism, electricity, steam, each was a miracle in its turn. Each and all were necessary to be discovered, matured by patient thought and practical experiment, and subjected to various and complicated applications, before this latest wonder of trans-oceanic, trans-continental, world-compassing communication by magnetic telegraphy could bloom to its present astonishing form, making the old ideas of time and distance antiquated and obsolete. The *latest* wonder, not the *last*, even in this line of progress. The writer was present in the hall of the University of Edinburgh in August, 1837, when the experiments of Professor Alexander were made in telegraphic signaling, and a few weeks later at the New York University, at the far more perfect and successful operations of Professor Morse. We, among the rest, were asked for a communication to be sent through the ten miles of wire there arranged. The Canadian rebellion was then in progress. We wrote on a slip of paper, "The rebels have been defeated," and handed it to the electricians at one end. There was a resort to the dictionary of signs, and after puzzling with it a moment or two, it was committed to the wire, and an instantaneous and mysterious ticking heard at the other end. There too, then, was another consultation of the dictionary, and another puzzling for a minute or two, and then the message announced, with a loud voice, "The rebels defeated!" We all listened and looked at one another in mute astonishment. It was a "wonder!" There lay before us an endless vista of incredible possibilities! How far we have already advanced along that vista! The floor of that quiet room (the back room of the second story on Waverley Place—it is worth remembering) has since been changed for the continents of America, of Europe, of Asia, for the beds of the Mediterranean and Atlantic oceans, (and perhaps, by this time, for the work is in process,) of the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. Those ten miles of wire have been elongated to thousands upon thousands. The rude and precarious *signs* then employed have given way successively to the vast improvements of Morse (a name which every American now delights to repeat), the Printing Telegraph of Hughes, the Autographic Telegraph (just announced) of Borelli. And we have not yet reached the end of that vista of wonders. On the contrary, each forward stride (rapid and vast as those strides have been) only serves more clearly to disclose to us that it is boundless. Instead of two men talking to each other at a distance of ten miles, we have now the sovereign of England and the President of the United States holding a conversation across the Atlantic, and the Emperor of France giving the order of the day at Algiers. Who shall say that in a few years more a message may not be sent round the world almost in the twinkling of an eye?

There is one thing attending this "wonder" which is quite peculiar, and presents to the thoughtful mind a bright augury for the future of humanity. It is the acknowledgment of God in it. The first message that glides through the pathless depths of the Atlantic carries with it the awe-stricken confession, "This is the finger of God! Glory to God in the highest!" Never, since the creation of the world, has there risen such a general hymn of praise from earth to heaven as that which has been called forth at the completion of the Oceanic Telegraph. This invests the material wonder with a moral sublimity. Man may expect great things when at every step of his progress he turns with adoration and thankfulness to Him who kindled by his own creative breath those divine faculties, and presides with a Father's wise and watchful care over their development. The earth will teem with abundance; the skies will pour down fertility; the sea will yield up its riches; nature will surrender her deepest secrets, her mightiest agencies for the use, the power, the enjoyment of man, when he shall render his grateful and loyal homage to the Creator and Giver of all.

HAVE THE COURAGE.

Have the courage to keep out of debt as long as possible—absolutely so, if you can. Debt is a species of slavery. The creditor owns the debtor to the extent of his claim, for what does the word "claim" mean, if not this? In taking our advice, you will be but obeying the good scriptural exhortation to "owe no man anything."

Have the courage to wear your old coat, or gown, until you are able to buy another upon the good, old-fashioned "pay as you go" principle—ay, and do not be afraid to have it known *why* you prefer this course. Your neighbors will think none the worse of you for your honest frankness. On the contrary, they will think all the better of you, if they are people whose good or bad opinion is worth considering.

Have, the courage to live on two meals a day—ay, even on one if two of the three you customarily partook of in better times, would now have to be procured with false pretences. And what but moral, if not legal, "false pretences," is purchasing with "*promises* to pay," which you know, in your inmost heart, there is no prospect of your meeting?

Have the courage to own that you are poor! No one whose opinion is valuable will think any the less of you for your frankness, but will rather esteem you the more highly.

Finally, have the courage to be truthful, honest and just—just to your own sense of right, as well as to the sense of others. And so you will maintain your self-respect, as well as the respect of your neighbors, and these will constitute no small capital to start afresh with, when "better times" shall have reappeared, as ere long they *will* to all who have the courage to be just in their dealings and prudent in their expenditures.

GO AHEAD.

Go-aheaditiveness, whether in Webster's dictionary or not—and we shall not pause to examine—is certainly a word in the vocabulary of the American people. Its meaning they need no lexicographer to tell them. They know it. They feel it. They act it. They *live* it in the most emphatic sense of that great verb, whose true meaning idlers and drones and day-dreamers so practically ignore. It is, in fact, the very synonym of "Americanism," and it condenses into its fifteen letters all that is meant by an equal number of words with which [illegible] because they do "go ahead." Among these are energy, promptitude, clear-sightedness, decision, firmness, probity, &c., &c.—for without these no man can "go ahead" in the true sense of the term. We do not dignify with the designation of "go-aheaditiveness" the career of him who goes through life like one walking upon a sleety pavement.

The man who "goes ahead" takes no step backwards. He seldom slips or slides, and more rarely falls. We fear people, not a few, have mistaken the meaning of "go-aheaditiveness." Hence their pecuniary troubles and distresses. And it is to call back the minds of the young to the true meaning that we write. Let such profit, then, by the errors of the blunderers and stumblers around them, and see to it that they themselves start right, and keep right. With caution and energy combined—with no step taken, in business, till they are satisfied they can maintain it—they will not fail to "go ahead" in the genuine, practical sense of the phrase, which contemplates only what belongs to "real progress." Remembering this, we may all safely "go ahead" in our several spheres of duty.

CRIME.

No one can read the daily papers of our great cities, or the weeklies made up from them, without being painfully convinced that we have fallen on an evil day, socially. Theft, robbery, arson, murder, and every other species of crime are stalking about with bold and bloody front, bidding defiance to every well-established principle or rule of social order. *Uncertainty of punishment* has had more to do with this sad, deplorable state of things than any other agency—if an agency anything so negatave can properly be considered. This view will be found to have pervaded the minds of the earlier writers on common law, including the best accredited of them all, Blackstone himself. He expressly confirms the opinion of a still earlier commentator, whom he regarded as a correct student of the springs of human action, that "crimes are more effectually prevented by the *certainty* than by the *severity* of punishment." This appears to have been the belief of the great French legal philosopher, Montesquieu, also. Who can doubt that this is so now? Surely no one. And therefore it is plain that the remedy is in the hands of the law-makers first, and the law-administrators afterwards. Let them look well to their duty, and stamp, as speedily as possible, upon the minds of the criminally disposed the expectation that "justice, tempered with mercy," will surely be meeted out to offenders—one and all, whether rich or poor, or of high or low degree. Herein would lie *our* chief hope for a better state of things.

CATSPAWS.

It is disgusting as well as discouraging to see how many people verify the story of the monkey, the cat, and the roasted chestnuts in Don Saltero's kitchen. On the one side are the monkies, on the other the cats. Before them are the good things of life—wealth, fame, comfort, and all the other ingredients, real or imaginary, composing that much-sought-after compound, happiness. Too lazy or too proud, if not too selfish, like his monkeyship, they contrive, in every conceivable way, to put all the disagreeable and perilous work upon somebody else! And thus drones are made on the one hand, and drudges on the other; and of this, to a great extent, comes the vast inequality of social condition which we see and lament.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

NOTES OF A SUMMER TOUR.

NUMBER IV.

I liked Quebec much better than Montreal. Of its splendid site it is unnecessary to speak, every body having either seen it or read of it, and yet how tame seem all descriptions, when, standing upon the ramparts, one tries to take in at a glance the splendid panorama before him. Every inch of ground is historical, and imagination runs riot as you look at the spot where the gallant Burr bore off from the enemy the dead body of the brave Montgomery, or gaze at the monuments erected to Wolfe and Montcalm. The sentinels, pacing up and down with their measured tread, aid in keeping up the illusion; and as the wind whistles past, you start involuntarily, as if expecting a shower of bullets past your ears. And speaking of bullets, the little urchins who lie pérdu on the battle-field, watching for unwary travelers, have an inexhaustible stock of them, which they assure you, with precociously grave faces, funny to see, were "*actually* found there," with their own dirty little paws; also they exhibit some shining little pebbles, baptised by them "diamonds," all of which we of course pocketed and paid for, as if there were no humbug in the little speculators; bigger boys than they have told worse fibs in the same line of business—poor little Barnums!

The most unimaginative person could easily fancy himself in a foreign country in Quebec. The motley population—the long, black-robed priests, serving as a foil to the scarlet coats of the officers, and the white uniform worn by the band; the loose-trowsered, rolling sailors; the Frenchy, peasant-looking country people, driving into market with their produce in the most ancient of lumbering-looking vehicles, with bright red raspberries, in shining little birch-bark baskets. The healthy-looking female Quebecities, with their fanciful dark straw hats, with a fall of black lace about their rosy faces, wonderfully enhancing the brightness of bright eyes, and making even dull ones, if any such there are there, look coquettish under this pretty head-dress, so much more comfortable than our little minikin bonnets, and worn alike by mothers and daughters. Their dresses almost even with their ankles, and little or no crinoline, but such healthy, rosy faces, such luxuriant locks, and the universal little band of black velvet round the throat, of which the French women are so fond. I am sure I did not see an ugly woman in Quebec, nor one that, to my eye, was not sensibly and prettily habited, and such little fat loves of children, chattering French with their nurses. The people were as picturesque as the place, and nobody scrutinized you as they do in New York, fixing a stony stare upon you (I speak of the New York women), till they have found out everything you have on, how it is made and trimmed, and then comment upon the same to their next elbow neighbor. Every healthy and contented-looking female soul of them seemed to have business of their own, and to mind it. Now and then, to be sure, an officer or a private would take a look in passing, and sometimes we heard them say "Anglice," and that is where they did not hit it, at least with the ladies of the party, spite of light hair and eyes. A gentleman at the hotel where we staid, said, "Those ladies are English," looking at myself and daughter. English! when we talked and laughed, ate and drank, got up and sat down without ever once looking into a book of etiquette to see if it was "proper!"

A drive which I shall long remember, we took to a little French village just out of Quebec. I had always thought—shade of Napoleon, forgive me—that the peasant French were an unthrifty, unneat people. My delight was unbounded at their rows of neat little white-washed cottages, standing sociably and cosily together, with long strips of farms extending back; not an unsightly object about them; clean, white muslin window-curtains, with pretty pots of bright, flowering plants at the casements; rosy little children, with their bright red stockings—how I *like* to see a little child in red stockings—and clean white aprons, and shiny hair, sitting on the door-step with the family Towser, or running after the carriage, with bunches of flowers for "the English ladies," as they persisted in calling us, keeping up with our horses with a pertinacity which would have drawn out the pennies were we less favorably inclined; and gay little bouquets they gave us, too—roses just in bloom, (for their summers are late and fleeting,) and pretty pinks and geranium leaves. In the fields, women and girls were raking hay, with broad straw hats, which they pushed back from their brown faces, as they leaned on their rakes to look as we passed, quite unconscious how pretty they looked, helping their stout, healthy-looking brothers, who, with strong, white teeth, and curly hair, laughed merrily as they tossed the hay about. And yet this, like all pictures, had its shadow, for *I* saw, though they did not, the pale procession of half-paid sewing girls coming up Nassau and Chatham streets, in New York, at that very moment, home to some stifled attic, or perhaps some more noisome place, of which those Canadians, in their pure country seclusion, could not even dream. How I wished they were all in those sweet hayfields, breathing that pure, untainted air. Oh, it was a delicious picture; I could have looked at it forever, and at every turn in the road some lovely view enchanted us—some new blending of sea and sky, wood and valley, and each perfect of its kind; and so we came at last to the famous falls of "Montmorenci," where we were to have twenty-five cents' worth of a miniature Niagara, with root-beer and spongecake "to suit," for an additional fee; and truly they might have been more extortionate as far as the Falls were concerned, were it not such a damper to sentiment to pay for one's ecstacy by the shilling. Beautiful were the Falls, tumbling, dashing, and foaming down into their rocky bed beneath, where were patches of velvet moss, of as vivid a green as your foot ever sank in while wandering in the cool, fragrant woods. Of course we were pointed to the remains of the "suspension bridge," which, about four years ago, broke so treacherously over the Falls, precipitating a whole family to instant death in the boiling torrent below. A great, hungry monster it looked to us after that, as we went shuddering up the steep steps to sunlight and safety, after viewing it from below. "Not one of them was ever heard of, I suppose?" said I to our boy guide. "Not one, ma'am," replied my juvenile oracle, with a solemn sniffle that would have done credit to a camp-meeting. FANNY FERN.

NATURAL PUNISHMENT FOR CHILDREN.

When a boy leaves his playthings scattered about, he should be deprived of them for a few days, until he learns that everything *has a consequence*—that carelessness is naturally followed by deprivation. So, when children make a litter, they should be made to clean it up; and thus, in every respect, they should be made to "balance their own books," until they learn self-control and self-discipline.

A NEW DIVING-BELL.

We met accidentally, a few days ago, the inventor of a new diving-bell, who informed us that he has recently begun to make experiments with it in the Bay of New York, and with entire success, in very deep water, as well as at common depths. The construction, as described, is new in almost every particular; especially the fundamental feature, by which the same air is made fit for breathing, over and over again, for hours in succession, without any communication whatever with the surface. There are no tubes, or other apparatus, to introduce fresh air from the atmosphere; but, as just mentioned, the same air which has been breathed for a time, and in part deprived of its vital properties, has them restored as often as necessary. This is effected in the following manner:

The diving-bell is formed of strong boiler-iron, and made double; that is, one bell is placed within a larger one, leaving a considerable space between them, which is filled with compressed air. A large air-tight tube passes through both at the top, for men to enter. A capacious tube surrounds the bottom, which is filled with water, to keep the bell upright. Four valves in this tube keep the water in place when partly empty. Small tubes, with stop-cocks, lead from the air-chamber into the water, in such a manner that jets of water may be thrown, at will, into different parts of the bell. These diffuse the fresh air in the water in all parts, and at the same time remove the foul air. Thus, if our ideas on the subject are in general correct, any number of men may remain at the bottom of the sea, even in several hundred feet of water, as long as the compressed air in the chamber retains force enough to throw jets of water into the air in the bell; which, of course, must offer a resistance proportioned to the pressure of water above, increasing with the depth.

Persons acquainted with science, we think, will fully comprehend the principle at a glance, and perceive that it is correct in theory. By breathing, the oxygen in air unites with portions of carbon (or charcoal,) in the lungs, and forms the compound gas, or carbonic acid. This is deleterious to life, and, when in large proportions, kills. Now, as sea-water contains small quantities of pure atmospheric air mixed in it imperceptibly, a jet of water will give out oxygen to the air through which it passes. And, beside this, as carbonic acid is soluble in water, the carbonic acid produced in the diving-bell by the breathing of the persons in it will be taken up by the water thus jetted in, and fall with it to the bottom.

Our informant remarked, that no pains had been taken to bring this invention before the public, he being rather averse to it in the present state of things.

REMARKABLE CONCURRENCE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

We have been struck with the remarkable concurrence of several circumstances existing at the present time, all of which seem essential to the success of the great enterprise of the day—the *intercontinental cable*.

The state of peace in Europe, and especially between the maritime powers, would seem to be indispensable to the undisturbed prosecution of the difficult and delicate process, which was several times interrupted by other causes, and for a time generally believed to be impracticable. If France or Russia had been at war with England, probably the attempt would not even have been made.

Harmony between Great Britain and the United States was also necessary, and hostilities between our country and any foreign naval power would doubtless have prevented us from embarking in the undertaking.

Without suggesting other circumstances which might have occurred and proved adverse, we may particularly mention the timely discovery and successful preparation of gutta percha, with which the wires have been coated, and which is the best, if not the only perfect protection known for that purpose. It possesses the qualities of being a non-conductor of electricity, easily molded when warm, retaining any form given it while kept cold, tenacious, water-proof, imperishable by time in air or water, neither swelling, contracting, warping, splitting nor crumbling, and but little heavier than water.

This remarkable substance was entirely unknown in Europe and America about ten years ago, and some time after its discovery was required to prepare and apply it for such a use. Truly there is a providence in all this!

A CITY SAVED BY A STUMBLING HORSE.

General Washington thought that let a horse only keep on his legs, he would be responsible for keeping on his back. We admit that it is generally desirable for a horse, especially a general's horse, to be no stumbler. But good rules have their exceptions, and circumstances alter cases. The fall of a horse once saved a city. In this wise it happened. About 569, Alboin, the brave but savage king of the Lombards, was besieging the city of Pavia, in Italy. The resistance of its inhabitants was determined and prolonged, though in the end it was unsuccessful. Gibbon says "the royal camp was fixed above three years before the western gate of Ticinum, or Pavia. The same courage which obtains the esteem of a civilized enemy, provokes the fury of a savage, and the impatient besieger had bound himself by a tremendous oath, that age, and sex, and dignity should be confounded in a general massacre. The aid of famine at length enabled him to execute his bloody vow; but as Alboin entered the gate, his horse stumbled, fell, and could not be raised from the ground. One of his attendants was prompted by compassion, or piety, to interpret this miraculous sign of the wrath of Heaven; the conqueror paused and relented; he sheathed his sword, and peacefully reposing himself in the palace of Theodoric, proclaimed to the trembling multitude that they should live and obey."

DAY DREAMS.

Our night dreams, however much they may annoy us, are by no means as great evils as day dreams, against which the young cannot be warned too frequently or too earnestly. They are ever paralyzing to their energies and destructive to their hopes in life.

Of all eras the present is most unsuited to day dreams. It is an age of activity. Vigilance, as the appropriate associate of activity, is one of its most marked characteristics—that "eternal vigilance," which one of our own most honored political sages so forcibly declared to be "the price of liberty."

Young man! Have *you* been indulging in day dreams? If so, wake up! Rub your leaden lids, shake your drowsy limbs, and look the sun in the eye! Dream not of success in life, but go straight to work and *win* it. Take life as it is. It is full of realities—stern realities. He who dreams, and lags behind, at an epoch like the present, will find all the prizes in the hands of others.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

THE time and labor are worse than useless that have been occupied in laying up treasures of false knowledge which it will be necessary to unlearn, and in storing up mistaken ideas which we must hereafter remember to forget. An ancient teacher of rhetoric always demanded a double fee from those pupils who had been instructed by others, for, in that case, he had not only to plant in but to root out.

WE are sometimes disposed to choose our friends from the unworthy rather than the worthy; for, though it is difficult to love those we do not esteem, it is, perhaps, still more difficult to love those that we esteem much more than ourselves.

IT will puzzle you to find any place in field or garden that has not something *alive* in it. Every leaf has folks, every bud a tenant, every blade of grass a small look-out, every sunbeam or moonbeam a wing in it.

WE once saw a soft and gentle and languid female infidel. She recoiled from a feather, shrank from an insect, and shrieked at the sight of a mouse; she had courage to confront and defy nothing except the Deity.

WE are all greater dupes to our own weakness than to the skill of others; and the successes gained over us by the designers are usually nothing more than the prey taken from the very snares we have laid ourselves.

A BURGLAR was caught last week in Pittsburg with twenty-three watches in his possession. He was the greatest "thief of time" we ever heard of—except "procrastination."

FROM the small hollow of the dice-box arise fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies—as many evils as ever flew from the box of Pandora, and not even hope remains behind.

PEOPLE are always pleased with those who partake pleasure with them; hence there is a maudlin sympathy among brother topers, but this is fellowship, not friendship.

SELF-LOVE can gild the most nauseous pill, and can make the grossest venality, when tinseled over with the semblance of gratitude, sit easy on the weakest stomach.

A VERBAL uninquiring assent, even to a truth, is less meritorious than the conscientious error which is the result of patient and candid investigation.

A PETTIFOGGER in one of our Southern towns got into a quarrel, and was chastised by a lawyer named Boyle—in other words, he got into hot water and was *Boyled*.

WE congratulate the British upon their sub-marine connection with us: in peace we shall give them lightning, in war we may give them thunder.

A GENTLEMAN, finding his whiskey-punch a little too hot, blew it with his breath to cool it. "Blowing your own *horn*, I see," said his comrade.

A VETERAN editor of Ohio says that every passing year sets a mark upon him. Of course he may be known by his *year*-marks.

THE tree is an eloquent preacher all the way along to latest fall; and it utters a funeral sermon then that ends with a blue bird's song.

MARRIAGEABLE girls would do well to remember, that, although half a loaf is better than no bread, a half man is much worse than none.

TWO companies in Tennessee are wrangling about the location of a railroad. They have thrown dirt enough at each other to make the embankments.

WHEN the color begins to desert a woman's face, she often takes to painting, and then she never deserts her colors.

MANY a writer seems to think that he is never either profound or practical except when he can't understand his own meaning.

WE do not know when we have heard of a more appropriate marriage than a recent one in Ohio of Miss *Kirk* to Mr. *Buskirk*.

THERE are some pretended christians who would frighten us from the joys of this world in order to have them all to themselves.

TRUE beauty is but virtue made visible in outward grace. Beauty and vice are disjoined by nature herself.

WISDOM is the olive which springs from the heart, blooms on the tongue, and bears fruit in the actions.

IT must at least be confessed in behalf of the ladies that they never before so completely *filled the eye*.

IT seems a great pity for some writers that they cannot steal genius as well as its productions.

GIVE substantial aid if you can: tears are but drops of water—what good can they do.

WHEN you receive a kindness remember it, when you do one forget it.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A YOUNG man residing near Glasgow, (Scotland,) was not long since prosecuted by a young lady for nearly fracturing the spine of her neck in attempting to kiss her, she having resisted the attempt. The case seemed to be going hard against the defendant, and he said that he would make any apology, reparation or sacrifice to give satisfaction to the young lady and her friends, even to the marrying of her. His offer was at once accepted, and he was soon placed in a condition that gave him a right to kiss the fair plaintiff whenever he should please.

A BERLIN letter-writer says that the young Princess of Prussia (formerly Princess Royal of England) has greatly shocked the Prussian Court, by *actually carrying a chair across her boudoir* instead of ordering one of her attendants to do it for her! She has also been detected in putting her own bureau drawers "to rights," which is a piece of usefulness to which it seems the royal family of Prussia had not the slightest idea that a princess could be put *and live*.

A COMPANY of sailors, who were rambling over Borneo, not long since, came upon a huge orang-outang, which they pursued to a thicket, and slightly wounded with a pistol ball. The animal yelled with rage, and turning upon the sailors, seized one of them, who was some distance in advance of his comrades, dashed him upon the ground, and beat his brains out with a stone, before the rest of the party could come to his rescue. The orang-outang escaped.

DURING the visit of a party to one of the groves of gigantic trees in California, a reckless young man attempted to climb one of them, with the aid of a set of irons for his hands and feet which he had had made for that purpose. He succeeded in ascending to a hight of about sixty feet, when he fell to the earth and was crushed to a shapeless mass.

THE Germans of New York are a jolly, health-loving people, and show their regard for their constitutions by having festivals in the open air with a frequency which the natives of this glorious Union cannot comprehend. Their "Turner Society," which is devoted to athletic sports, numbers six thousand members.

A SHORT time since a boy belonging to Masardis, Me., set out from that place to go to Oxbow, in company with an old man who had provided himself with a bottle of rum. A few hours after, the man and the boy were both found dead drunk by the roadside, and two days subsequently the boy died.

A LITTLE boy, some four years of age, named Smithroy, living in Williamsburgh, recently got hold of a vial of chloroform that was in one of his mother's bureau drawers, and drank a portion of the liquid, which occasioned his death in a few hours.

BRIGHAM YOUNG is said to be making out an account against the United States Government for damages done to his business and property by the "invasion of Utah," which will foot up something like half a million of dollars.

AN assemblage of clergymen, recently held in Ohio, passed a resolution disapproving of the wearing of hoops by members of the church, and declaring that they considered the wearing of them inconsistent with Christian character.

A PARISIAN lady not long since ascended in a balloon from that city, and landing in the country, she was set upon as a witch by the peasantry, and seriously maltreated.

THE distinguished American chess player, Paul Morphy, is carrying everything before him in Europe. The best players of the Old World have been vanquished by him.

Two sailors recently fought a duel in New Orleans; one of them was wounded and the other killed—one laid up and the other laid out.

AN aspiring, inventive genius of Boston has recently got up an apparatus for towing ships by balloons.

NEW and rich fields of gold have been discovered in Australia.

A SUMMER MORNING'S WALK IN HOBOKEN.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Again I walk the river's path;
And as in days of old,
I hear from yonder glittering sand
The blue wave's music rolled:
Again the green leaves o'er me thrill,
And gentle winds are stirring still
Their harps of lightest mould,
While in the distance morning's fires
Kiss the great city's joyous spires.

But sadness only wraps my soul;
And vainly smiles the beam;
And vainly float the cadences
From this rejoicing stream—
Sad memory waves the Present back:
Ah! better now the tempest's wrack
Than morning's golden gleam—
For, mother! thou no more with me
Dost look along the wave and lea.

Once thou didst look, and oh! what joy
Was mine as by thy side
I walked and heard thy tender voice
O'er emerald path and tide;
But now—thou art far, far away
By other scene, in other ray,
While Time's swift moments glide,
And less I hope by mead or main,
To see thy failing form again.

What boots it now to speak the cause?
Thou know'st no fault of mine
Has kept thy son from worshiping
Beside a mother's shrine:
But though the altar gleams afar,
And Fate may not remove the bar,
A love that is divine,
A son's deep love, dear mother! still
Will burn for thee through all the ill.

And here beneath the murmuring leaves
That shade the wave, I kneel,
And let thine angel-lessons through
My grief-worn spirit steal—
Thy thin gray hairs, thy gentle brow,
Again seem present where I bow—
For I their influence feel:
While thus my heart is streaming o'er
In tears, oh, mother, bless thy son once more

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

CUPID AND CUPIDITY.

Alice Boothroyd had now reached an age at which it became necessary to inform her of the arrangement entered into for her marriage with her cousin, Viscount Illston. The poor girl had long suspected the existence of some such compact; and, as her cold and selfish parents broke the intelligence, she listened to their pompous description of the influence the united houses of Boothroyd and —— must command—the amount of wealth they would enjoy—with feelings similar to those with which the condemned criminal listens to the sentence which annihilates the future, and leaves existence a blank.

It was in vain that she turned her eyes, eloquent in their mute despair, upon the countenance of her mother. No glance of sympathy or affection responded to the appeal; and the heart of the victim sank within her. As for Sir Norman, his daughter knew by bitter experience how perfectly useless it was to expect any compunctious visitings of nature in that quarter. If he loved his child, it was simply because she was his. The fond parental love that watches over and sustains—the pure and generous feelings of a father—had no place within his heart. Pride and ambition supplied their place at the shrine of what he considered dignity. The baronet had long since sacrificed everything like human affection; to offer up his child to it scarcely cost him a second effort.

"You see, Alice," he observed, as her ladyship concluded the details of the engagement, every word of which fell with painful distinctness upon the ears of her child, "every care has been taken of your happiness."

His daughter unconsciously repeated the word.

"That jointure will be worthy the fortune you bring, and in the settlements I have taken care the dignity of the family has not been forgotten. Your second son will assume the name and arms of Boothroyd."

Alice shuddered at the thoughts his words suggested.

"Your diamonds will be magnificent," added her mother; "the countess, I know, upon your marriage, intends to present you with the greatest portion of hers, and, for my own——"

"I detest diamonds!" interrupted the victim; "they cannot bring happiness: why decorate the sepulchre whose contents are but ashes?"

"Sepulchre! and ashes!" repeated Sir Norman, with a look of astonishment, "what can the girl mean?"

Her ladyship replied only by a shrug, as if it was an enigma far beyond her experience and comprehension to solve.

"Father!" exclaimed Alice, throwing herself upon her knees, and clasping his hand, very much to the annoyance of the baronet, who had an intense horror of anything like a "scene"—"must this thing be? must the happiness of my life be sacrificed to a marriage in which my heart has no share? I can never love my cousin."

"It is not necessary that you should love him," observed her ladyship, perfectly unmoved by her appeal; "that is to say, love him with that silly, romantic passion which school-girls dream of: respect," she added, with a glance at her husband, "is a much more lasting tie."

"Certainly," said the baronet, flattered by an idea which coincided so perfectly with his own sentiments upon the subject.

"Father," continued the fair pleader, "you know not how much depends upon the decision of this moment: there is more than the happiness of a poor weak girl trembling in the balance."

"Of course there is," replied Sir Norman; "the dignity of my family."

"The obedience of your child," replied Alice. "Urge not humanity beyond its strength. I have never yet willingly disobeyed your slightest wish, much less your commands: have some pity then upon my sufferings. I will never marry without your consent—that I am ready, quite ready, to promise; force me not to wed against my own!"

"Lady Boothroyd!" exclaimed her husband, pale with passion; "what is the meaning of this extraordinary conduct? Is this the way in which you have educated my daughter? Are these the principles fitting the heiress of Meldown? I am shocked, greatly shocked. What! when I have arranged an unexceptionable match, liberal settlements, taken due care of the family interests, even to the bearing of the Boothroyd arms on a shield of pretence—are all endeavors to be met by a tirade, which, however well it might sound in romance, is perfectly ridiculous."

"Perfectly ridiculous!" repeated her ladyship.

Alice rose slowly from her knees, her heart crushed by the unnatural want of sympathy in her parents, but not subdued.

"Go, child, go to your room," said the baronet; "read your prayers—that portion of them which inculcates filial obedience; your mother will point it out to you. I have no time to attend to such things. The earl and his family dine with us to-morrow, on Thursday is the drawing-room, after which the engagement will be announced, and——"

"Broken!" added the fair girl, firmly. "I cannot, even at your command, consent to stain my lips by a false vow. How can I swear to love, honor, and obey the man you have selected as my husband, when I know him to be mean, ungenerous, selfish, and depraved?"

For several moments Sir Norman stood contemplating her, speechless with anger—and not with passion only, but with uneasiness; for there was something in the tone in which the refusal was conveyed as well as the manner of the speaker, which whispered to him it would be no easy task to bend her spirit.

"Lady Boothroyd," he muttered, at last, "this is really dreadful. Can you account for this unnatural obstinacy—this horrible ingratitude?"

"Only by supposing that some unworthy passion has destroyed her sense of duty," replied her mother.

THE DAUGHTER'S APPEAL

At this accusation the cheek of Alice became suddenly flushed, and then resumed its former paleness.

"You see," added the malignant woman, "she cannot deny the accusation."

At this apparent confirmation of his wife's fears the pompous possessor of Meldown Park could no longer restrain his passion, but with angry vehemence declared that he would cast her off—leave her to beggary—her sole inheritance his malediction, if he encountered further opposition to his will.

"Who is the villain," he added, roughly grasping her slender arm, "who has robbed me of the obedience of a child? Let me hear his name that I may curse him."

"I know of none," faltered Alice, terrified by his violence. "Father, did I ever yet deceive you? You can trust my word, for you know it to be truth. Never yet have I listened to a declaration of love from any man."

"Or received a written one?" demanded her mother.

"Never."

Her ladyship heard the assertion with a cold, incredulous smile, not that she really disbelieved it—far from that—only she wished to impress her husband with the conviction that she did, in order to destroy, by means already concocted in her scheming brain, the last remaining link of confidence between the father and his daughter; for a while, however, it was unsuccessful. But the wife had not yet played her best card—the letter she had intercepted from William Thornton.

"Retire to your room," said Sir Norman, his doubts somewhat dissipated by her words. "I dare not trust myself to express all that I feel at your unnatural disobedience, your ungrateful requital of my affection."

At this accusation the eyes of the fair girl filled with tears, and, before quitting the library, she would have taken his hand, had he not sullenly withdrawn it.

"When you deserve it, Alice," he said; "when you deserve it."

"Norman," began his wife, as soon as they were alone, "the firmness of Alice alarms me. Tears, entreaties, and all that romantic kind of nonsense with which young ladies plead permission to disappoint the wishes of their parents, and follow their own, I was prepared to meet; but not this quiet obstinacy—this prating of duty and affection. She has no affection, I feel assured, for either of us."

"I am not so certain of that," replied the baronet, for his self-love was wounded by the supposition that he was an object of indifference to his own child; "and as for her dislike to the match, to do her justice, Illston has done nothing to reconcile her to it. He is, without exception, the most conceited puppy of my acquaintance."

Lady Boothroyd could scarcely restrain a smile at the recollection of the undisguised contempt with which her nephew had listened to the pompous harangues and dictatorial opinions of her husband.

"But not the less eligible match," she observed, aloud.

"*Certainly not*," said the baronet, emphatically, who saw in the projected marriage the gratification of that pride which had been the curse and ruling passion of his life. For since providence had denied him the blessing of a son to transmit his name and fortune to posterity in a direct line, his dearest wish was that they should both merge in a family with which he was so closely connected, and whose descent, to say the least of it, might rival with his own.

No thought of the brother whom his unnatural conduct had driven to a career of adventure in a foreign clime; no regret for the friendless orphan his unprincipled machinations had deprived not only of the wealth, but of the name she was entitled to bear.

Had Lillian been a boy, there was a probability, just a bare one, that his conduct might have been different.

"We must postpone the announcement," he said, "of the intended union between our families, till Alice is more reconciled to the match."

His wife reluctantly assented to what she mentally considered a great weakness on the part of her husband, but prudence counseled her to do so, for, like most conceited men, sir Norman became immovably obstinate when directly opposed.

"As you think best," she replied; "though I doubt if Alice will profit by your indulgence."

"Badly trained!" muttered Sir Norman, "badly trained!" with which ungenerous observation the conference between the well-assorted pair terminated.

In the solitude of her own room, the heiress of Meldown had ample leisure to analyze her feelings, and question her own heart. The accusation that she had bestowed her love upon another alarmed her, for something whispered that it was not altogether unmerited. She no longer thought of William Thornton as a boy, the playfellow and companion of youthful years; a warmer sentiment had replaced the childish predilection, mingled with her dreams, and if she did not absolutely love him, it was that passing circumstances had not yet given time for the bud of affection to expand into a perfect flower, but the germ of a true passion was planted.

"It is not love," she murmered; "I can never have been so weak, so lost to my sex's dignity, as to have bestowed my heart *unasked* upon one who by this time has forgotten me. I have too much pride for that, and alarm myself unnecessarily; it is friendship, and not love, I feel for him."

It is a dangerous sign for a young girl's tranquility and peace of mind, when a doubt exists as to the exact nature of her feelings towards one of the opposite sex. The line between friendship and affection, although distinctly marked, is so fine that it becomes easily obliterated, and the heart believes in the existence of the fragile barrier long after the winged god's breath has effaced it.

It was not long before the truth became apparent; for to one of her clear yet simple understanding, there was no self-concealment, no tampering with conviction, and Alice at last came to the conclusion that she really loved him.

This conviction caused her bitter tears, for she felt the humiliation which a proud and delicate spirit experiences at the thought of having bestowed the purest, choicest treasure of her heart upon one who had not solicited the gift. Had she known all that poor William had endured at her supposed rejection of him—could she have read the manly, eloquent letter her mother had intercepted and answered in her name, how quickly would self-reproach or regret have vanished, or been changed to smiles.

"He must never know my weakness," she thought; "the secret shall die with me. It is my duty to forget him, since he has forgotten me. A reproach!" she added, after a pause; "I am unjust, ungenerous! Why should I reproach him? In the world he has, doubtless, met with one more worthy of his choice—one whose parents appreciate his worth and character, who prefer the happiness of their child to the vain and empty gauds of rank and birth, which the world in its idolatry is content to worship. I trust it is so; no one will rejoice more fervently than I shall in his happiness, or breathe a warmer prayer for its continuance."

As these words—or rather murmurings, for they were scarcely uttered—escaped the lips of William Thornton's former playfellow and companion, her tears accompanied them; but the poor girl was insensible of their presence till one dropped upon her neck, when she started from her seat and began pacing the limits of her chamber.

"Folly! folly!" she exclaimed aloud. "This is no time for weak regrets, when I have need of all my strength to avert the persecution which menaces me. The commands of those who, next to Heaven, are most entitled to my obedience—dare I, ought I, ought I to resist them?" she added, after a pause. "Heaven direct me; I am but a child in mind as well as in years; no one to advise—no one to guide and strengthen me."

The question, thus presented in a new aspect to her judgment, agitated her greatly; for, unlike her parents, Alice Boothroyd had a deep sense of religion, and the bond of duty which unites the child with the authors of its being. To her pure mind it seemed almost sacrilege to break it.

"I will appeal to my father," she continued; "he cannot be deaf to the voice of nature—the pleadings of his only child. He will listen to my prayer, break this cruel contract, and step between me and the sin of disobedience. In all else I will submit to his decision; but the wife of Illston! any fate rather than that—even the grave were preferable."

The shudder which accompanied her last words proved how deeply the aversion had taken root, and how hopeless must be every attempt to eradicate it.

Fortunately, for a time at least, Alice Boothroyd was spared all further importunity upon the subject by the sudden illness of Sir Norman, who caught a fearful cold in returning from a state ball at Buckingham Palace. The night proved a wet one, and the baronet, in the confusion inseparable from such an occasion, could not find his carriage.

As the inflammation settled on his lungs, the medical men who were called in forbid their patient to speak. Alice attended day and night by his sick couch, anticipating, with a daughter's watchfulness and anxiety, his every wish.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

THE FIEND OF THE DEATH-BED.

It soon became apparent to those around him that the days of Sir Norman Boothroyd were numbered—that the blow of the republican leveler, old Death, could neither be warded off by the baronet's shield of sixteen quarterings, nor turned aside by the skill of his physicians. The skeleton finger of the grim king of terrors pointed mockingly at the red hand of the herald in the escutcheon, which the dying man had been so vain of as if to defy it to a contest. It had pointed with a similar manner to many an imperial crown—to the coronet of the noble—the sword of the soldier—the [illegible] the priest, and always with the same result; for after all, Death is the only real conquerer: nations have disappeared beneath his tread, and earth's sepulchres are but the trophies of his conquest; his deeds are chronicled in verse more wondrous than those which Homer sang or Milton framed—a solemn epic commencing with time, and destined to end with but eternity.

It would be difficult to decide whether surprise or terror predominated most in the mind of Sir Norman when informed that he had but a few brief days to live; he had calculated on thirty, or five-and-twenty years longer, at the very least, and it seemed almost like an impertinence for Death to interfere with the arrangements of the owner of Meldown Park and twenty thousand a year; yet, as he observed to the physician who broke the intelligence, he might have expected it after the Reform Bill, the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the progress of new ideas.

Not even the fact of having caught the fatal illness on his return from Her Majesty's state ball, could reconcile him to the prospect of taking up his final abode in the same dark vault where reposed so many of the long line of the Boothroyds.

That nature must be hard indeed which has not in it some touch of human love and human sympathy. The devoted attention of his daughter Alice, who, like a ministering angel, hovered round his bed, anticipating his wants, praying for, and, when she could lead his mind in the direction, with him, made some impression on the heart of the baronet; and he observed to his wife, who replaced her when, worn out by continual watching, nature exacted she should take a few hours' repose, that it was almost a pity to sacrifice her to a brainless puppy like Illston.

Lady Boothroyd concealed the alarm these words inspired by a few well-affected tears.

"I am sure," he added, "poor Alice loves me."

"She ought," replied the mother. "I am certain that I should never have forgiven myself had I deceived so good and excellent a father."

At the word "deceived" the dying man regarded her earnestly.

"Were her aversion to the husband you have chosen for her," continued the hypocrite, "prompted by a less unworthy motive than a ridiculous, degrading passion for——But there, Norman, I will not distress you at a moment like this. Heaven will watch over the dignity of our house when you are torn from me. I will bear my sorrows alone."

"Do speak plainly, Lady Boothroyd," said her husband, evidently not much touched by this sudden outbreak of affection. "For whom has Alice conceived a degrading passion?"

"For William Thornton," replied the artful woman.

"I can't believe it—I won't believe it!" exclaimed the baronet, greatly excited. "She denies it; and we both know that she is truthful."

His wife shook her head as if in pity at his blind credulity.

"I must have proof of it," he added, "plain, positive proof, no lies, no inferences; there must be truth this time between us."

"Has there not always been, dear Norman?"

The strong fear of death had absorbed the lesser fear which the dying man entertained of his wife, and he interrupted her by repeating his demand for proofs of her assertion. The lady silently placed the letter of William Thornton in his hand. As he read it, the features of her husband became livid with passion; that the son of a manufacturer, a *parvenu*, who had nothing but talent and high principles to recommend him, whose name was unknown in the herald's book, not even alluded to in the peerage, should presume to lift his eyes to his daughter! the heiress of Meldown, the last, as he believed, of the blood of the Boothroyds, filled his cup of bitterness to the brim, and he instantly resolved that not a shilling of his fortune should go to enrich the descendants of the man he hated.

In the madness of his passion, he forgot how he had obtained the right of disposing of that fortune.

"Send for my lawyer!" he said.

"I have done so," quietly observed her ladyship.

"Even from the grave—since I must die," added Sir Norman, bitterly, "I will watch over the honor of my house."

"Mr. Marshall is in the ante-room, he arrived from Exeter last night, will you see him?"

A sign—for the baronet was too much exhausted to speak—intimated his assent, and the man of deeds and settlements was admitted. He came, with the usual stereotyped look of professional sympathy upon his features, and began to express a hope that his honored client and patron felt better.

"Pah!" muttered the dying man, "I understand all that *now*. I want no compliments; I require you to take instructions for——"

Here the speaker gasped for several instants, in order to recover breath.

"Your will, Sir Norman," said the lawyer; "certainly—a very prudent precaution; we never die an hour sooner for arranging our affairs. Some persons are nervous, exceedingly nervous, upon such occasions; but where the mind is strong——"

A glance from Lady Boothroyd interrupted the harangue; and, taking the hint, Mr. Marshall drew his chair to a small table near the bedside of his client, and prepared to write.

The baronet pointed to his wife, intimating that she should quit the room—an order her ladyship felt inclined to resist; but there was an expression in the cold, gray eye of her husband, warning her it might be dangerous, for a single stroke of his pen could cancel the settlements he had made upon her.

With a look of resignation she obeyed him; and the dying man felt a momentary gratification at having triumphed for once over the iron will which for so many years had governed and molded his.

In less than an hour the lawyer quitted his client, carrying with him instructions for a second will. Lady Boothroyd met him in the ante-chamber. Her features were pale with excitement and suspense.

The word "well" was the only one that escaped her.

"As you could wish," said Mr. Marshall; "if Alice refuses to wed her cousin, she forfeits the estates."

"In whose favor?"

"Yours."

A smile of proud satisfaction lit for an instant the features of the hypocritical woman who had manœuvered thus successfully against the happiness of her only child.

"And in the event of her accepting him?" she whispered, "the settlements——"

"Remain unchanged," replied the lawyer.

"When is the will to be excuted?"

"To-night; I have not an instant to lose."

The man of law withdrew, and the mistress of Meldown Park—now doubly hers, in anticipation—sat down to reflect upon her future proceedings. Her meditations did not last long before they were broken by the return of Mr. Marshall, and the man whom, of all others at such a moment, she least wished to see—Andrew Silex.

The steward remained unchanged: his gaunt frame slightly bent by time, perhaps, since we last introduced him to our readers, but in other respects the same.

"So," he said, seating himself, without the slightest mark of respect or deference, by the side of Lady Boothroyd, "Sir Norman is dying."

So surprised was his confederate by the unexpected visit, she could merely bow her head.

"I must see him."

"Impossible!"

"There is no such word," observed the old man, sarcastically, "when opposed to my will. You thought to steal a march upon me; you forgot whom you had to deal with. This will has been tampered with."

"Nothing of the kind!" exclaimed the lawyer; "and I am surprised that you should suspect a man of my integrity with——"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Silex, "I know the value of words."

"Show him the instructions," said her ladyship, well knowing that it was the only way to satisfy his suspicious nature.

Although somewhat astonished at the command, Mr. Marshall placed the papers in his hands.

Andrew drew from his pocket his large horn spectacles, and deliberately read over the instructions. When he came to that part which, in the event of the refusal of Alice to marry the viscount, gave Meldown to her mother, a half-smothered chuckle broke from his thin, parchment lips.

"Umph! not so bad as I expected," he observed, "but still——"

"You had better leave us for a few minutes," hastily interrupted Lady Boothroyd. "Mr. Silex and I have private arrangements to talk over."

Much as the lawyer marveled at the order, he unhesitatingly obeyed it. It was not his interest to offend her.

"Come nearer," continued the speaker, as soon as she found herself alone with the speaker; "doubtless the ear of yon prying fool is glued against the key-hole of the door."

Andrew grinned assent, and they both withdrew to a recess formed by one of the windows of the room.

"What is it you complain of," resumed his mistress, "in the arrangement? The personals out of which your silence is to be paid for are untouched."

"But you are benefitted," muttered the old man, bitterly.

"Does that gall you? Would you sooner deal with me than Mr. Thornton?" replied the artful woman, "as you will have to do if Alice marries his son William. It is to guard against that the change has been made."

"Mr. Thornton," repeated her hearer, with unaffected surprise. "Why, what can he have to do with it?"

"Alice loves his son," answered her mother.

This was a light in which Mr. Silex had not contemplated the affair, and he began to ask himself if he had not been somewhat too precipitate. Still, he could not refrain from giving one of his usual grins at the intelligence, as if he drew amusement from the annoyance of others.

"This change in the disposition of the property is a mere contingency," added the speaker.

"Which you will contrive to make a certainty," said the steward, fixing his eyes upon her as if to read her secret thoughts.

"Not so," replied her ladyship, without flinching from his gaze; "I have but one wish: to see my daughter the wife of Viscount Illston. And she will be his wife," she continued, after a pause.

"Perhaps," muttered the old man; "perhaps."

"There is no 'perhaps' in the case," exclaimed her ladyship, passionately. "Do you imagine that

Alice, or any girl in her senses, would prefer love, as it is called, and poverty, to the splendor of such an inheritance?"

"I don't know; there is no saying what girls prefer," answered Andrew; "they are the only beings I never could clearly understand. Is Sir Norman really so bad?"

"Why ask the question?" demanded the artful woman, calmly; "you know as well as I do that he has not more than four-and-twenty hours to live. Your spies did not forget to inform you of that particular"

The observation was a shrewd one—the question had been put to try her.

Satisfied that his interests could not suffer, in fact, that he should rather gain than lose by the estate falling into the hands of the wife, instead of the daughter, her visitor took his leave. As for the baronet, he had long looked upon him with contempt, and cared very little how soon he slept in the vault of the Boothroyds.

Immediately after his departure, the scheming woman proceeded to the chamber of her husband to work out the rest of her nefarious design. Determined no appeal Alice might make should move him, her ladyship seated herself by the bedside of the dying man, determined not to leave him by himself till the will was duly executed, and all was over.

That same night it was signed and sealed.

For some time after the signature, Sir Norman appeared buried in profound reflection. Nature—for there must have been some touch of human feeling in his hollow heart—whispered to him that he had acted unjustly. As the hour of dissolution approached, the pride which had sustained him began to lose its power; perhaps he thought, too, of the brother whom he had so cruelly wronged. Death holds to the eyes of its victims a mirror, in which they see themselves as they really are, not as self-flattery, worldly adulation, and prosperity have painted them.

Alfieri, in one of his immortal tragedies, exclaims, with bitter eloquence—

> "Man—art thou great or vile—die, and
> Thou shalt know."

A secret at all times terrible, but doubly so to those who meet truth for the first time on the verge of the grave.

The father of Alice had been doubly unfortunate—first in a narrow selfishness which had been born with him, and rendered him insensible to the nearest ties of kindred. He had grasped at all; but the fool forgot that an hour must come when the inheritance dishonestly obtained would crumble like ashes in his hand. Secondly, in marrying a woman, if possible, a hundred times more selfish than himself—a creature greedy, avaricious and cunning, who wedded him for money, ruled him like a puppet, and despised him for the want of that intellect, the absence of which constituted her strength—a creeping thing, who in poverty would have groveled and fawned abjectly upon those she had injured and insulted in prosperity.

It is a sad task to describe depravity in woman; but the worst of all depravities is the depravity of calculation: it is like painting an angel with a demon's wings—a seraph with the snakes of a Medusa.

How intensely the true hearts of the world, when they meet such beings, must [illegible]

To do Lady Boothroyd justice, she had all along been, and still was, perfectly sincere in her desire to see Alice the wife of her nephew Illston. The marriage would not only confer upon her a reflected greatness, but arm her with the influence of his family, should the dark practices which had deprived Lillian of her birthright ever be brought to light: countenanced by the earl of Carlington, she might brave the exposure her arts could not avoid.

"Norman," she said, as the faint struggles of remorse in the heart of her husband became evident, "you are distressing yourself unnecessarily."

The baronet regarded her anxiously.

"I know my sex," she continued; "whilst a hope, a possibility exists of gratifying the caprices of our hearts, we make every effort to succeed. Tears are our eloquence, prayers our weapons, and it is against these that I would guard you; were Alice once convinced that her union with William Thornton was impossible, were the solemn barrier of a promise made to her father on his death-bed placed between her and her weak passion, she would at once forget him, and accept the husband we have chosen for her. This is what I would urge, unless," she added, "you are content that the name and blood of your ancient race should mingle with that of the man whose popularity reduced you to a cypher in your own county, and deprived you of your just influence."

At the name of Thornton the evil passions of the dying man rekindled, and every kindlier feeling fled.

"She is obstinate," he groaned.

"Her obstinacy may be broken," calmly observed his wife. "Alice will never have the courage to brave your *malediction*."

The suggestion thus artfully thrown out was not lost upon her husband, and when his daughter, whom the physicians had insisted should take some repose, returned to his chamber, proceeded to put it in execution.

"I am dying, Alice," he murmured, as the weeping girl knelt by the side of his bed, bathing his hands with her tears.

"In peace with Heaven, I trust," she faltered; "in peace with all on earth. It is a sad thing to die with one unkind thought within our hearts, even for our enemies, but doubly sad against those whom we should love. Father," she added, "if ever I have been wanting in duty, it was the thoughtlessness of childhood, not want of affection. My heart was once so light that a single smile sufficed to banish the recollection of your reproof. Forgive me that—forgive me all the pain and anxiety I have caused you, and bless me with a parent's blessing."

"Blessings are for the obedient," replied Sir Norman, harshly, "not for those who, with duty and affection on their lips, can see a parent die, and yet withhold the only consolation which could sooth his passage to the grave."

On hearing these cruel words, the poor girl trembled violently. The terrible struggle she had foreseen was at hand.

"Ask anything but that," she sobbed. "Leave me, if you will, to poverty. I will bear it cheerfully, and never question your justice or affection. But do not—for pity's sake, do not—condemn me to a fate so loathsome that death would be a welcome refuge. Why blight the existence of your child—your only one? Think of the days when I climbed upon your knee, and first lisped the name of 'father.' You loved me then. By the memory of those innocent and happy hours spare me—spare me. I plead," she added, "in the strong agony of a breaking heart. Save me from the pollution of a marriage I abhor, and I promise—faithfully promise—never to be the wife of any man, so I am spared the misery of becoming Illston's."

"And so permit the name of Boothroyd to become extinct," observed her father, indignantly. "Have you no pride?"

Alice could only answer him with her tears.

"Will you see me die," he added, "wretched and unhappy? Have you forgotten," he added, "how terrible a thing it is to receive a father's curse?"

The piercing shriek which broke from the lips of his unhappy child as the last word fell upon her ears, and the look of hopeless agony which followed it, shook the resolution of the dying man, and he hesitated, as if his better angel for an instant had arrested the unnatural malediction upon his lips.

Lady Boothroyd, who was standing half hid, by one of the curtains of the bed, from the sight of her daughter, made him a sign to be firm.

"A death curse," continued the baronet, "which time can never cancel, which, with a parent's indignation, I——"

"Hold," said Alice, with desperate firmness, "Will nothing but my misery content you?"

"Nothing but your marriage with Illston will," replied the baronet.

The victim of parental tyranny and injustice laid her hand upon her heart, as if to repress its throbbings; then slowly uttered the words, "*I promise.*"

"Without mental reservation of any kind?"

"I promise," she replied, "*if Illston claims my hand, it shall be his.*"

And, overcome by the effort, the poor girl sank, deprived of consciousness, by the side of the bed.

Lady Boothroyd rang the bell, and, with the assistance of her waiting-maid—a creature devoted to her service—carried the senseless form of her daughter from the room.

As she disappeared from his gaze, Sir Norman observed that the lips of his child were stained with blood, and bitterly did the sight of it reproach him.

"Do not suffer your young mistress," said the heartless mother, addressing the woman, "on any account, to return to the chamber of her father, and when she recovers give her the *opiate*."

The woman nodded, to intimate that she perfectly comprehended the instructions she had received.

Having thus effectually guarded against a second interview between the father and her child, and against what she considered far worse—the chance of a last appeal to his feelings, her ladyship returned to the bedside of her dying husband. He had acted the part she wished him to act, and she cared not how soon the drama ended.

As she resumed her seat, Sir Norman faintly murmured the name of his child.

"Better," replied his wife; "I told you she would be so, once the struggle over."

He regarded her doubtfully.

"You have acted nobly," added the speaker; "the honor of our name is safe."

The baronet uttered the word "blood," and shuddered; he had always entertained a childish terror at the sight of it.

"A spasm—a mere nothing."

For more than an hour the speakers remained silent. The life of the baronet was ebbing fast, he had no longer the strength to speak his wishes, or he would have asked for his child to soothe his parting agonies with her prayers; but he had vio[illegible] and the blessing was denied him.

At that last moment the vanity and pride of character, which had so long sustained him, vanished, and he would have retracted his cruel injunctions for the happiness of again hearing the words of pardon and religion pronounced by the pure lips of Alice. It appeared doubly hard to die with the cold, gray, stony glance of the woman who had been his evil genius fixed upon him.

> "On some fond heart the parting soul relies,
> Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
> E'en from the tomb, the voice of nature cries;
> E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires."

"Shall I pray with you, Norman?" demanded the only witness of his death-bed.

The dying man with difficulty made a sign of refusal; the look of aversion that accompanied it was perfectly lost upon her ladyship, who had given strict orders that none of the servants should enter the room unless she summoned them.

For some time the lips of her husband moved as if in mental prayer. As he felt his strength receding, his breath becoming fainter and fainter—cold drops of terror and remorse started upon his forehead. The supplications of his child—supplications he had rejected—rang in his ears with terrible distinctness.

He made a sign as if he wished to write, but his wife did not choose to understand it. With a look of anger he stretched forth his hand to ring. Lady Boothroyd sprang from her chair and quietly removed the bell-pull from his reach, then resumed her seat.

She had no wish to pain him or add to his sufferings; but not even the mute eloquence of the despairing look he gave her could shake her strong determination to prevent his canceling the iniquitous will, or recalling words which sealed the misery of their only child.

"Too late, Norman," she whispered, "I must guard you against the weakness of your own heart."

A deep groan broke from the lips of her husband.

"Die in peace," she added; "all is for the best."

An hour afterwards, the bell of the baronet's chamber was heard. When the servants entered the room, they found their master dead, and their lady by the bedside, in an attitude of prayer. The scene was well acted, but it imposed on no one; not a domestic in the house but knew the termson which they had lived together.

Neither was a tear shed to the memory of the man by one of the many dependants who had eaten his bread. True, he had paid them—paid them ostentatiously for their services; but those of the heart cannot be bought.

> "Thus, unlamented, pass the proud away,
> The gaze of fools—the pageant of a day.'

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

DISCONTENT EXORCISED.

A LETTER HOME.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

ELM COTTAGE, SEPT. 25, 18—.

MY DEAR HUSBAND—You know my propensity to write *long* letters. Summon your patience, beloved, for I believe this one will prove the most lengthy of all the letters that I ever penned; I have so much to tell, also some confessions to make.

You know how much I have murmured over the *quietness* of our home, but never again shall I try you in the same manner. Could you look into my heart this evening, and see the intense longing that is there for the peaceful rest of its own dear home you would believe me. You will never regret the money this season's journeying has cost. I had been morbidly unhappy because of our childless lot. You knew something of the state of my mind, and that knowledge drew from you many a wise little lecture, (which did me no sort of good,) and finally led you to start me off traveling. But you were not aware of one-half the wicked and desperate discontent of my heart. I did not *dare* to tell you. I had become so ungrateful for all the good things which Providence had bestowed upon me that I was ready to exclaim, "They are all nothing—give me *children*, or else I die!" Well, my first visit was upon Almira, whom I knew to be the mother (and I supposed to be the *joyful* mother) of eight children. Her husband is a poor man, but that I regarded as of no consequence. They had *children*—that was wealth sufficient. As the old stagehorses jogged soberly along towards the little town where my former schoolmate resided, I mused upon the unkindness and partiality of fate. What was it that I had wealth, and a husband who devotedly loved me? I could *not* be happy without the blessing of children. I really worked myself into the belief that I would gladly exchange our elegant home for some of the wretched huts we were slowly passing could we but be the parents of such hearty and hardy-looking children as everywhere stared to see the stage-coach pass.

By-and-by we entered S——, and I alighted at my friend's door.

She welcomed me with real pleasure, and led me into the sitting-room, saying—

"I believe you have no children. You will be killed with noise and confusion if you are not used to it. Oh! dear! Jane, I have not known what rest or quiet is for many a year. My children are so active and restless that they keep me on the move both day and night. Mr. Richards don't like to have much to do with children, so all the care and trouble seems to fall on me."

Almira sighed; and a dull, almost stupid look, crept over her once so bright and lovely face. I regarded her with pain. She was several years my junior, but certainly—I glanced at the glass which, decorated with some garden or greenwood ornaments, hung opposite—with her faded cheeks, her dimmed and sunken eyes, and the many small wrinkles at the corners of her eyes and mouth, she looked ten years my senior.

"Poor Almira!" I thought, and was about to speak, when a wild shriek from without caused her to spring from her chair and rush to the door. I followed. Ed. had pushed Bobby off from the doorstep and his head was badly bumped. Bumped head was wet in cold water, the tears were kissed away, Ed. was soundly spanked, and Almira and I went back to try and get a few more minutes quiet conversation.

"I can't afford to keep more than one girl, and that leaves me with my hands full. All the children to see to and all the sewing to do. My eldest boy is but fourteen years of age, and my eldest girl but ten; she is a handy little thing, a good child, but the boys are all real sanchos. They are good dispositioned, too; but overflowing with mischief, and *dreadfully* noisy. I try hard to keep order, but find it impossible. I should lie down and die in their discouragement were it not for hope. I hope to see the children all good men and women some of these days."

Almira had become quite interested in what she was saying. A light from the future beamed upon her, and her pale face for a moment flushed. She had a vision (I suppose) of her children grown to men and women, and repaying all her toil and care. But, by some strange working of [illegible] spiritual vision darted a different view—croup, whooping-cough, measles, scarlet fever, flushed cheeks, tossing limbs, small dead bodies, and then a few men and women with their own household loves and cares; and the old mother passing from one to another, at home nowhere; finding the attention and rest that age requires, with none. I sighed heavily, and as my thoughts turned towards my childless home I felt no pain at its stillness.

"Whoop, hurra—dinner, dinner. I'm hungry as ten bears," cried a loud voice under the window.

"There! those apples! Susan has forgotten them, and I'm afraid they are all burned."

And Almira ran to the kitchen. Three children came in at one door as the mother went out at another.

On seeing a stranger they stopped and very politely bowed to me.

"Where's ma?" asked the pretty, rose-cheeked girl.

"Just stepped out one moment, my dear. You are Angela, are you not, little angel?" I said, holding out my hand.

"Yes, 'm." The child came and laid her plump hand in mine. I also shook hands with the boys. They were fine-looking fellows; but there was no peace anywhere near them, so full of talk, noise, and fun were they. They were too good-natured to be scolded, and so one had just to bear with them; but they tired me beyond measure. They were always ready and willing to wait upon one, but were sure to make you more trouble than it would be to wait on yourself. The little children's heads were terribly in the way, they were *constantly* getting bumped, and as they all were favored with strong lungs, the crying that was kept up was terrific. You could hardly hear yourself think. Oh! dear! poor Almira. Her husband is a quick-tempered man, (something such a way with him as there is with a gentleman of *your* acquaintance,) and he had little patience with the children. He would whip them when they really did not deserve it, and then Almira would weep sadly. I had been there a week and had not, in all that time, obtained two hours quiet with my friend. At night, when the children were all in bed, she was so wearied out that she could not keep awake. I tried to talk with her, but she answered me incoherently, and I gave it up, and drove her off to her much-needed rest—if rest she found, which I doubted, for hour after hour I used to hear the baby cry, or the children cough, and call "mother, mother, mother."

"Oh!" said she one day, when she was almost worn out—"oh, children, do call me something else—I am sick of the name of mother!"

Upon the second Sabbath of my stay with Amira, Angela, her mother's comfort, sickened, and in three days she died. As I looked on the almost broken-hearted woman bending above the beautiful form of clay, I trembled to remember how I had demanded of the Lord gifts the reclaiming of which could cause such agony.

"She was my stay," sobbed the poor mother. "What shall I do without my Angela—my blessed child!"

I wept for my friend's sorrow; but I could not restrain the secret feeling of joy that one so meek, so gentle, so tender-hearted as the child Angela, was taken to grow up in those "everlasting gardens" where *angels* fitly walk. Dear little one—how heavily would the sorrows and cares of earth have rested upon her young spirit. Even now she was growing old in thought, and the household care was falling too much upon her. I was *glad* that the child had departed. But how hard for the mother, left with such a band of restless, thoughtless boys and babies! Well, but they were her own; and better for the mother to be worn with care than for another.

"If Almira could but afford to hire a nurse," I thought, "all would be well."

My next visit was upon Ceres, whose wealth renders her able to employ as many nurses as she desires. "Here," thought I, as I alighted at her lofty doors, "shall I see to better advantage the pleasures which children bring."

And oh! dear husband, how enchanted I was with the beauty of the little cherubs Ceres introduced as her children! Three of the most lovely human forms and faces that you can imagine. Pure, fair skins, lovely bright eyes, soft, curling hair, and perfect features, with limbs as graceful as were ever seen in sculptor's dream—all these belong to the children of Ceres. They are always richly and tastefully clad, and their mother delights in their exceeding beauty.

"You lovely little beings," I cried, enraptured at the sight of them, "come here and let me kiss you. Come, and tell me what are your names, my precious dears."

"No—you clear out!" screamed the children, striking at me with those beautiful little hands—their faces red with the violence with which they cried out.

I was amazed. They ran behind a table, and made faces at me over its top and from beneath it.

This was pleasant compared with what took place when they became familiar with me. They then wished to examine everything that I wore or owned. I found one of them seated in my muslin trunk, from which he had thrown all my nice laces and my jewelry. When I removed him he was angry, and called me all the hard names that he could think of; threw brushes, combs, slippers, soap-cakes, and finally a small hand-glass, at me. When I was obliged to put him from my room, he ran furiously to his mother, and told her that I was "ugly," and had hurt him. Ceres was displeased with me; she was so many times a day; I saw it, though she never said much. She could not bear to have her darlings made to cry—and cry they did, if they were in the very least opposed. They behaved rather better before their father, but even his presence did not greatly restrain their obstinate, selfish and impudent natures. Such cruel children I never saw. My mother's children were very much humored, but there was nothing in their hearts that could have induced them to take pleasure in the suffering of the meanest thing that crawls the earth; but these children delight to pull the wings from flies and butterflies, to pinch and choke their kittens; they even will throw the poor kittens upon the red hot stove, and laugh at the dumb creatures' agony. My blood used to boil, and my fingers fairly ache, to get at the little wretches, and spank them all thoroughly. They were all old enough to know better—eight, six, and five years of age. Ceres does not pretend to make them obey her. I need not tell you that I shortened my visit there. I did so, and then came on to Hester's cottage home. Plenty is her portion, and she is the mother of one child; but, alas! that child is wanting in intellect, and of a poor, feeble frame. I could not envy Hester. Lastly, where I now am, there are five young folks, not particularly good nor particularly bad; not very beautiful, not very *otherwise*. Their parents are in moderate circumstances, and all bids fair for future enjoyment. I dare say, had I *grown into* the situation of the mother of this family, I might have been as happy as I am now; but at length—I hear your cry of joy—I am satisfied that in no condition, and under no combination of circumstances, could I be *more* happy than I *am*. If this patient, and cheerful, and wisely managing mother has more pleasures than I, she has also more sorrows, and many, many more cares.

But enough of other people and their children. Beloved, I am *coming home, heart, thoughts*, and all—to my blessed home. Oh! word of peace. I love to write it—I love to speak it. "Home, home, sweet, sweet home"—there is, indeed, no place like one's own dear home; and when a friend, such as my husband is to me, awaits within that home to welcome back the wanderer, what more can be desired? Oh! pray that I may not anchor myself so deeply in my earthly joys that they will need to be taken away.

Your true wife, EVELEEN.

EXTRACTS.

"CHARACTER EVERYTHING TO THE YOUNG."

Rev. Joel Hawes, D. D., of Hartford, Ct., a few years ago delivered a discourse to the "youth of his charge," which was afterwards published under the above title. We have with pleasure read and re-read this little volume; it is full of instruction, of a practical nature; the ideas are happily expressed; and we do not know of any similar work so well adapted to interest, and make an abiding impression upon the young mind. We publish the annexed extracts for the benefit of the LEDGER'S readers; and, we think, that, after perusing them, they will thank us for thus occupying the space devoted to their publication.

"Character is the measure of the man—*is*, indeed, the man. It is not birth, nor wealth, nor all the distinctions of rank and fortune that make the man. He is what his character is, what his soul—his mind is, in the exercise of its social, intellectual, and moral powers; and in proportion as any one becomes intelligent, disinterested, virtuous, good, he rises as a man. He elicits and brings into action the distinctive elements of his humanity, and grows in resemblance to higher and nobler natures. This should be a consideration of great weight with every young person. Character is everything to him, for it is *himself*, himself feeling, thinking, choosing, acting. The infant is not a man, the youth is not a man, nor is the adult a man, any farther than the distinctive powers of his humanity are evolved and directed to their proper objects, and the attainment of their proper ends. I call him a man, and him only, who has the power of self-government and keeps his appetites and passions in subjection to his higher nature; who knows how to think, to reason and judge; in whose bosom the virtues of benevolence and justice and love find a home, and who, linking himself with his race in sympathy and good will, rejoices in and seeks happiness in others, lives to the glory of God and his own immortal well-being. He is a man, and he is so, because he has formed and sustains the character of a man. All others, the low, the vicious, the ignorant, those who neglect their nobler powers and live devoted to the objects of sense and time—these approximate to animals more than to men, they debase and dishonor their humanity and sort themselves with beasts that perish.

"Character, I mean of course right character, is a source of the purest and most lasting happiness. It is always connected with peace of mind, with self-respect, with the full, sweet music of an approving conscience. The happiness derived from earthly possessions is uncertain, transient. If you have wealth, that may take to itself wings and fly away. If you have honor, that is a puff of air, and is gone in a moment. If you have pleasures, such as the world affords, they satisfy not, even while they last, and are evanescent as the wind. If you have friends, they may prove unfaithful and entirely fail you in a time of need. But a character based on intelligence, virtue, worth, can never fail you. It is a part of yourself, wrought into the very texture and being of your soul. The changes of time cannot reach it. Disappointments and trials do but improve it. It goes with you into all places, attends you through every vicissitude and stage of life. It sustains and delights, alike at home and abroad, by night and by day, in solitude and society, in sickness and health, in life and in death, in time and eternity. What the Apostle says of charity, is equally true of the happiness resulting from a good character. It never fails. It is like the tree of life whose leaf never withers, and whose fruit shall refresh you during eternal ages.

"Character is everything to the young, as it secures for them the love and esteem of the wise and the good. There is not so lovely a sight on earth, as that of a young person growing up under the influence of virtue, intelligence, piety; forming a character of true excellence, and preparing thus to act worthily the part assigned him on the stage of life. We love to see a flower open its bosom to drink in the warm influence of heaven, that its beauties and its fragrance may be increased and diffused around. But how much more lovely to behold an immortal mind, in the morning of its being, expanding itself to the vivifying beams of the Sun of Righteousness, that its living energies may be drawn forth, and itself be formed for usefulness here, and glory hereafter. God looks down with approbation upon such a youth and loves him. Angels rejoice over him as a hopeful heir of heaven; and all below, whose good opinion is of any value, readily accord to him their affection and esteem. A good character is a badge of excellence that cannot long lie concealed. It needs no trumpet to make it known to the world. Its virtues may for a season be obscured by adverse circumstances, as the light of the sun sometimes is, by the passing of clouds over its disk. But they soon shine forth with brighter splendor; and when seen shedding their lustre over the character of the young, they are sure to attract the notice and draw forth the love of all who know them. Young persons are in general but little aware how many eyes are fixed upon them, and how quick the intelligent and observing part of the community are to discern and to mark the buddings of disposition and habit within them, and to foresee what is to be their character in future life. And though I would not make the good opinion of others the first or principal incentive to excellence, still, it is but a Christian sentiment to say, 'that the loving favor,' the esteem and respect of the wise and the good, 'is to be chosen rather than silver and gold,' is, indeed, next to the approbation of God and our own minds, a source of the purest happiness of which we are capable in the present world.

"Character is everything to the young, as it is the surest means of success in life. It is better than the most ample fortune; it is better than the most honorable parentage; it is better than the patronage of rich and powerful friends. A young person of established character, of virtuous principles, of good conduct, though he be poor, and left to his own unaided efforts, will rarely fail to make a way for himself in the world. He may be assailed by misfortune, he may lose his health, or fall into adverse circumstances, and so be embarrassed and depressed in his course; but as a general rule, it cannot be questioned, that a fair character for intelligence, virtue, worth, is the surest pledge of success in life. For many years, I have been accustomed to watch with great interest, the fortunes of the young in their progress in life; and long since have I come to the settled conclusion, that in so far as success is concerned, whether in the learned professions, or in the ordinary business of men, character, virtue, intelligence, a well-regulated mind and heart, is of higher value than heirship to the richest estate; than all outward advantages whatever. Such an estate, such advantages are very apt to inflate with pride, to lead to imprudence, to idleness and vice; and where this is the case, it takes but a short time to squander a fortune and bar every door to respectability and happiness. But character, I repeat, never fails. It makes friends, subdues enemies, creates funds, opens the gates of opportunity, draws around its possessor patronage and support, makes for him a sure and easy way to wealth, to honor and happiness. Were I called to choose for a young person between a fortune of a hundred thousand dollars and a character of being intelligent, virtuous, enterprising, I should instantly choose for him character; nor should I have a doubt that in making such a choice, I had done the best possible thing for him, in respect to his interests in this world.

"Character is everything to the young, as it is to all of us, because it passes with us into another world, and decides the condition of the soul in eternity. I might ask you to estimate the worth of character as it will appear at the close of life, in the dying hour. Then all the distinctions of the world, birth, wealth, talents, station, will pass away as a forgotten dream, and nothing but character remains; a character of virtue or of vice, of worth or of infamy, of meetness for Heaven or preparedness for hell. O, how infinitely valuable will a character then appear, which conscience can approve and God accept! But look at the scene beyond. Life is now over; all its hurry of business and conflict of pursuits are passed away, and the soul, 'of all but character bereft,' stands in the presence of its God, awaiting the final award. Then it will be little that you were rich, or honored, or had pleasure in this world; little that you lived amid plenty, and passed your time thinking only how you might pass it so as to get the greatest amount of selfish enjoyment."

FEAR OF DEATH.

Death is the tyrant of the imagination. His reign is in solitude and darkness—in tombs and prisons—over weak hearts and seething brains. He lives, without shape or sound, a phantasm—inaccessible to sight or touch—a ghastly and terrible *Apprehension*.

The fear of death is common to all. There never was a man of such hardihood of nerve, but he has, at one time or other, shrunk from peril. Death is a certain evil, (if life be a good:) Philosophy may welcome it, and passion may disregard its approach; but our instinct, which is always true, first commands us to fear. It is not so much the pain of dying, nor even the array of death, (though the '*pompa mortis*' is sufficiently repelling;) but it is that tremendous thought—that vast impenetrable gloom, without depth, or breadth, or bound—which no reason can compass, and no intellect pry into, that alarms us. Our fancy is ripe with wonders, and it fills up the space between us and Heaven.

FRUGALITY, if it be not a virtue, it is at least a quality which can seldom exist without some virtue, and without which few virtues can exist.

OUR GIRLS.

BY C. D. STUART.

Our girls they are pretty,
And gentle and witty,
As any the world ever knew—
Talk not about Spanish,
Circassian or Danish,
Or Greeks 'neath their summer skies blue;
But give me our lasses,
As fresh as the grass is
When sprinkled with roses and dew.

Each lip like a blossom,
Each fair swelling bosom
As white as the high drifted snow—
With eyes softly flashing,
Like spring-bubbles dashing,
O'er hill-rocks to valleys below;
All smiling with beauty,
All doing their duty,
Where shall we for lovelier go?

O, ours are the fairest,
The sweetest, the rarest,
The purest and fondest I see—
Their hearts are the truest,
Their eyes are the bluest,
Their spirit so noble and free—
O, give me no other;
True-love, sister, mother,
Our own are the chosen for me.

THE WOUNDED TRAPPER;

OR,

THE HEROINES OF THE ANDROSCOGGIN.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

When our hardy Anglo-Saxon pioneers began to subdue the wilderness of Maine they found the Indians neither friendly nor forbearing. The red man held the memory of many wrongs, and he sought to avenge them upon every possible occasion.

Among the early settlers was a man named James Hall, who selected a spot of land upon the banks of the Androscoggin, not far from its junc- with the Kenebeck. His family consisted of a wife and one daughter, and a hired-man, named Jacob Moore. They built a stout log-cabin close by the river, and went at work to clear up the land. At the end of a year Mr. Hall and Jacob had not only got quite a piece under subjection, but they had also traveled over much of the surrounding country, and found it to be excellent land; so Hall wrote to some of his friends in Massachusetts, and advised them to come down and settle. A party of them came and viewed the country, and on the following spring six families came. The women and children were left at Bath, while the men kept on up the Androscoggin to raise their cabins. These men brought their tools and stores with them, and found shelter with Hall while they were at work on their humble dwellings.

Mr. Hall had been alarmed several times by the Indians, though none had as yet made any direct attack upon him. He knew that they were eager enough to rob and murder the white men, but he had hoped that they would not dare to do anything of the kind so near the settlements lower down the river.

At length the new-comers had their cabins built, and they were ready to bring up their families. Mr. Hall was glad of this, for there were rumors that the Indians had commenced their depredations further up the river, and he would now have neighbors to help him in case of an attack. Early one morning the new settlers were all ready to go down after their families, and Mr. Hall and Jacob Moore had promised to accompany them.

"Do you think it is safe to leave Sally and me here alone?" said Mrs. Hall, as she saw her husband getting ready to depart.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Why," returned the wife, almost ashamed of her fears, but still unable to hide them, "may there not be some Indians lurking about? They may discover that you have gone, and take advantage of that circumstance. They may know that we have much of value in our cabin, and may mean to rob us."

"O—no," said Hall, lightly. "There is no possible danger. The Indians are not near us. So don't be alarmed. But," he added, with a laugh, "you will have guns and amunition enough to fight a score of them with."

Mrs. Hall knew that the men were very anxious that her husband should accompany them, and she said nothing more, though her fears were by no means allayed. She knew that it must have become pretty generally known that the new-settlers had considerable property in their cabin, and she also knew that the Indians would not hesitate to come for plunder if they were aware of the opportunity.

As soon as breakfast was over the boats were got ready, and the men went off down the river. Mrs. Hall cleared away the table, while her daughter attended to other household affairs, and when this was done they sat down by the door with their sewing. They had been weaving cloth during the winter, and were now making it up into garments. Sally Hall was a stout, buxom girl, seventeen years of age, and besides loving her father and mother, it was suspected that she loved Jacob Moore. At any rate it was very evident that Jacob would never have come down into the wilderness of Maine if there had been no stronger attraction than the mere wages he was to receive for his labor. As the mother and daughter sat there over their work they talked of everything save the one subject that most occupied their thoughts. Mrs. Hall knew that Sally was thinking of the Indians, and Sally knew that her mother was thinking of them. And they both tried to think that their fears were very foolish, and to keep them to themselves.

Noon came, and having eaten a simple dinner without setting any table, they resumed their sewing. They had been thus engaged but a short time when Sally, who sat nearest the door, was startled by the sound of footsteps in the wood. It was a crashing, rushing sound, as of some one hurrying recklessly through the brush, and with an exclamation she started to her feet.

"Did you hear it, mother?" she asked.

"I hear it now," was the reply. "No—no! Don't go to the door! It is the Indians!"

"No," returned Sally, who had sprung to the door and looked out "It is a white man. It is Marston, the trapper."

She shrank back into the cabin as she ceased speaking, and in a few moments more the man came staggering in. He was pale and wan, and covered with blood. He took a few steps more, and then sank down upon one of the coarse husk mats on the floor.

"What is it?" cried Sally, stooping over him.

"*The Indians!*" he gasped, struggling to his elbow. "They have put four bullets into my body, and would have had my scalp if they hadn't found my traps. Water—water!"

"Let's help him first," said Mrs. Hall, after a moment's hesitation, "and then he'll tell us more. He can't talk now."

Sally saw the force of this remark, and she forgot her own fears for the while in her anxiety for the sufferer. This Marston was a trapper, who hunted mostly in that section, and who had often stopped at the cabin as he went to and fro up and down the river. Sally brought him water, while her mother helped him remove his frock and shirt. He had received two wounds upon the right shoulder; one on the head, which had torn up the scalp without fracturing the skull; and one in the right side, the bullet having entered just below the ribs, and passed out near the pit of the stomach. They washed and dressed the wounds as well as they could, and while they did so he told his story. He said that he was about eight miles above there, engaged over his traps, when he heard the report of a rifle not far off, and at the same moment his dog fell by his side. He started up and saw some half-dozen savages close upon him. He knew in a moment, from their howling and leaping, that they were thirsting for blood and plunder, and he considered it his safest course to flee. He did so, and as he turned they all fired upon him. At first he did not know how badly he was hurt, but he began to realize it as he ran on, and he came near fainting several times on the way. He thought the Indians must have had some plunder on hand; or, mayhaps, some prisoners, as they did not seem to give him chase immediately.

Marston was very faint long before he could tell his story; but he managed to raise himself upon his elbow, and ask if Mr. Hall was at home.

"No," said the hostess; "he has gone down the river with our new neighbors, and will not be back before night."

"I knew he was going," resumed the trapper; "and I fear the Indians knew it too?"

"Do you think they will be here?" asked Sally, in sudden alarm.

"It's no use," whispered Marston, with a groan, and a sigh of faintness. "I won't deceive ye to make ye hopeful."

"Then you think they'll come?"

"I'm afraid they will."

"You know they will!"

The trapper tried to answer, but he could not. He had been growing fainter and fainter all the time he was talking, and he had now swooned away entirely. The women could do nothing more for him then. If the savages were coming they must be at work in another direction. But in what direction should their efforts for safety be made? For some seconds—perhaps a minute—they gazed upon each other in silence. They were both very pale, though not overpowered by terror. The mother was the first to speak.

"There is no use in fleeing," she said.

"No," returned Sally. "If we do that, and the Indians come upon us, we are surely lost. We had better remain here. We can bar the door, and keep our watch at the windows and loopholes."

"If Marston could only help us," suggested Mrs. Hall.

"And has he not helped us?" said Sally. "We owe him much, and if we go at work at once and take advantage of the information he has given us, we may profit by it."

"Right, my child," cried the mother, seizing Sally by the hand. "If you are not weak from terror you shall not see me so. I am calm now, and we will do the best we can. If the savages come, as I fear they will, we must be prepared for all the resistance within our power. We had better die here than fall into their hands, for in this latter case death would be the least of the evils we might expect."

"That is certain," replied Sally, with a shudder. "So let us make haste. We will bar the door, and then see that the rifles are loaded. Thank heaven we have weapons enough at hand!"

The new settlers, knowing that in a wild country, where not only game, but human enemies were plenty, had taken the precaution to bring with them a goodly supply of fire-arms, and as there was no danger to be apprehended on their way to Bath, they had left all their rifles at the cabin, taking only their pistols along with them. There were ten of these weapons, and plenty of powder and ball to go with them. And, furthermore, the pioneer's wife and daughter knew how to use them. They often come from the wood with fair game of their own shooting, and they thought they could hold a steady aim, even against the breast of an Indian.

Mr. Hall had taken the precaution, when he erected his cabin, to make loop-holes between the logs. They could do no harm, for a simple plug could keep them stopped, while they might be of service. There were three small square windows, situated about four feet from the floor, one upon each end, and one on the back side, the door being opposite the latter, and facing to the southward. The women had seen that the ten rifles were loaded, and that the loop-holes were clear, and then set themselves upon the watch. Sally had taken her station at the window looking to the westward, and ere long afterwards she saw a dark face peer out from behind a tree at the edge of the wood, some twelve rods from the cabin, and in a few moments more she saw two more. She called her mother to her side, and for a while they both trembled violently; but they whispered words of encouragement to each other, and soon regained their nerve and composure.

At this point Sally suggested the idea of placing some of the men's hats upon sticks, and passing them to and fro before the windows, hoping that the savages might thus be induced to think that there were men in the cabin. There were four hats, all different in shape and color, and these were accordingly so fixed that they could be used for the purpose of such deception. This had hardly been done, when a long, loud, hideous whoop burst upon the air, and a party of eight Indians came leaping from the wood, swinging their rifles and tomahawks in the air. The rifles in the cabin had been placed where they could be seized in an instant, and as quickly as possible the muzzles of two of them were introduced through the loop-holes, and the pieces discharged. The aim had been certain, for the Indians were in a close body, and two of them fell. In a moment more two other rifles were brought to bear, and quickly fired. The woman saw one of the savages stagger back, and the rest hesitate.

"Quick!" cried Sally, casting down the empty rifle, and catching up another. "If we fire quickly they may think they have quite a number to contend with."

As she spoke she took deliberate aim and fired, and her mother was not a second behind her. This time two of the Indians leaped backward, though only one fell. The rest immediately retreated to the wood; and as our heroines thought they might be watching the cabin from their cover, they hoisted all four of the hats to the window, and held them thus for some moments, as though men's heads were crowded together there.

"They certainly think we have men here," remarked Mrs. Hall, "or they would not have gone back to the wood. If they knew we were here alone they would have rushed upon the door at once. Our shots, following each other in such quick succession, must have deceived them."

"Yes," returned Sally; "and I've been thinking that, if they should come back again, we could deceive them still further. Just look: let us fix up these four loaded rifles so that we can fire them all at once, and then we'll load the others if we can."

The idea was a good one, and they were not long in planning for its execution. They felt sure that if the savages approached the house again they would come upon the north side, as the wood was nearest in that quarter, the trees having been left standing to within two or three rods of the house, in order that they might be a protection against the cold blasts of winter. There were five little loop-holes upon that side, and into four of these the muzzles of the rifles were inserted, and left hanging there after the pieces had been cocked. They were so near together that Sally could easily reach two of them at the same time with her outstretched hands, while her mother could command the other two.

All this required but a very few moments, and as soon as it was done Mrs. Hall resumed her watch upon the wood, while Sally sprang to loading the other rifles. She had loaded three of them, and placed them against the wall, when her mother gave the alarm. The latter had seen the red visage of an Indian peering out from the bushes back of the house, and both she and her daughter were quickly at their stations.

"I can see from here if they come," said Sally. "We'll fire the moment they make their appearance. Let me fire first, so that we can make four distinct reports—but don't wait too long. You know what——"

Before she could finish her sentence she saw a dark form move out from the wood, and in a moment more three others followed him. They came this time without noise, evidently intending to gain the cabin without being seen, if possible.

"Fire!" whispered the daughter, taking as much aim as she could. The rifles were discharged in quick succession—a loud howl was heard—then came three bullets crushing through the window—and then another mad whoop. The women quickly got fresh weapons, but they had no occasion to use them, for, as they smoke cleared away, the Indians had disappeared. They must have fancied that the cabin was a little too strongly manned for them.

For half an hour the mother and daughter kept watch together, and then the latter kept it alone, while the former went to see the trapper, whom she found still insensible. The hours passed on, and just as the sun was sinking below the tree-tops the settlers arrived. Mr. Hall and Jacob saw the four dead Indians at the edge of the wood to the west, and with wild fears they rushed toward the cabin; but before they reached it the door was thrown open, and the beloved inmates came forth unharmed. The new settlers, with their families, came crowding about to hear the wonderful story, and when all the circumstances had been related, there was much alarm among the female portion of the new-comers, and some of them said they were sorry they had come.

"Don't be afeared," cried Jacob Moore. "Ef these two women hev conquered eight Injuns, what hev we got to fear now?"

This idea seemed to take, and ere long the fears of the strangers were so far allayed that they went cheerfully and hopefully at work, and after the cabins had been arranged so that their respective owners could sleep in them, the men went out and buried the dead Indians, so that they should not draw the wild beasts thither during the night.

The trapper had no mortal wounds, and under the kind nursing of Sally and her mother he soon recovered. He recovered to bless the fair heroines who had saved him, and to spread their fame through the country.

Sally Hall became Sally Moore, and lived to a good old age; and this story was told to us by one of her own daughters, who still keeps, and showed to us, some of the ornaments that were taken from the garbs of the savages whom her mother and grandmother slew.

KITTY AND I.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Many years ago I spent several summer weeks at the pleasant house of my old school friend, Kitty Marsden. Kitty Lee (she was Kitty Lee in those never-to-be-forgotten days at the "Institute") had astonished us all by giving her heart, hand and fortune, with her bewitching self, to plain, awkward George Marsden, and going to bury herself in the country farm-house which was his sole patrimony. Kitty left school a year before the rest of us, and before we had learned to love little Alice Reeve—shy, pale little Alice, who came in Kitty's place—we, myself and her other two roommates, had heard of the brilliant conquests of our friend in town, where she had at once taken her place as the "admired of all admirers."

But we were school-girls still, and quite debarred from social intercourse, or interest in the strange doings of that far-off, outer world, whose glories we saw only through the rosy haze of our imaginations. From time to time, however, came little rose-tinted notes from Kitty, which gave us glimpses of that fairy world, and disturbed, for a time, our serious ponderings upon equations, and triangles, and gases, and primary and fossil strata, and the various mysteries of art and science wherewith our young heads were being crammed.

The great day came at last—the day of examination—and on the next morning we were to leave school forever, to be returned to our parents and guardians, "finished" specimens of the educated young lady. It was a day of excitement, for prizes were to be awarded and diplomas given, and anxious brothers were there to see and hear, to exult in our triumphs, or to be mortified at our failures.

The hour for evening exercises had nearly arrived, and I was hastening through the long corridor that led to our room, in quest of some forgotten book or paper, when a servant handed me one of the well-known little notes. The moment the light fell upon it I saw that, though undeniably one of Kitty's own letters, it was directed in a strange, large hand, quite unlike her own. "What *does* it mean?" I thought, as with trembling fingers I broke the seal.

The note contained but a few lines, written in Kitty's delicate chirography, and two more in the strange hand that had written the address, with the signature of George Marsden attached. I read:

"DARLING JENNIE:—I know you'll never guess what I'm going to tell you, for I have been so sad and so lonely, and afterwards so happy, and so busy that I have had no time to write to you before. Well, I was married this morning, and we are going to start for Niagara immediately. George stands behind me and says, 'Hurry, Kitty, for the carriage will be here in five minutes,' and so I can't tell you anything about the wedding, or how I came to be married. Now he has taken hold of my hand, and says that he will finish the letter, so I really cannot say any more. Come and see ('me' carefully erased, and 'us' substituted) us, and I will tell you all about it.

KITTY."

"My wife says she won't write Kitty Marsden, so I must write it here for her. Yes, Jennie, she is mine at last. Come and visit us at the Maples, and I will tell you how this great happiness was brought about. I can only *write now*, that the happiest fellow at this moment alive is

GEORGE MARSDEN."

I covered my eyes with my hands, and sat down in a sort of maze. I could not believe it. It did not seem true that Kitty had written that letter, or that she, so beautiful, so brilliant, the pet and idol of her wealthy parents, could have loved and married George Marsden, who was undeniably poor, and just as undeniably ugly, and whose country breeding caused him often to commit solecisms in manners, which, in those dear old days, had often roused the merry laughter of our Kitty.

That evening I missed several answers in a favorite study, in which I thought I was sure of the prize. The other girls, to whom I had told the astounding news, were just as heedless. Our parents and teachers were surprised and indignant when they heard the cause. That night, when we were at length in our room, instead of talking over the events of the day, or laying plans for the wide future, into which, on the morrow, our paths were to diverge, we could speak of nothing but Kitty and her strange marriage, wondering and wondering how it came about, until sleep at last overpowered us, while still unsatisfied.

I did not visit Kitty during the first year of her marriage, though for some time we maintained a brisk correspondence. Her letters breathed the true spirit of happiness, and I felt sure that her blithe, yet gentle and trusting nature, had found its fitting mate in the strong soul on which it leaned. There was an exquisite sensation of repose in her description of her husband and their life, and at times, notwithstanding my keen sense of the deficiencies of George Marsden, I quite envied her, for my own life had been one of sadness and vicissitude almost from the day that I quitted school.

I was scarcely settled at home before a sudden and fatal attack of disease ended my mother's life. I was forced to smother my own sorrow, that I might console my father. I was forced, also, into the new and untried position of the head of his household, and soon found my duties and cares, together with the demands of my social position, quite sufficient to occupy all my time and thoughts.

Several years passed in this round of duties, intermingled with many pleasures. I had given my heart, as I believed, not unsought, and had willingly promised my hand to one whom I thought fully worthy. I was reveling in a dream of happiness the most exquisite, when the shock came which prostrated my fabric of joy, and well nigh buried me beneath its ruins.

A great commercial crisis occurred, and my father, whose wealth had apparently been secured upon the firmest basis, suddenly failed for an amount which, owing to the ruinous sacrifices at which money had to be raised, covered his entire fortune, and left us penniless. No suspicion of dishonor attached to my father in these transactions, and his creditors were lenient. They bestowed upon us our furniture, presented to me my musical instruments, and even the collection of articles of vertu which I had amused myself in gathering together. Hope again dawned upon me. We would yet, I thought, be happy. I was soon to be married, and my father should always find a home with me. Truly, as I said to him, we had but little cause for regret.

Alas! I knew not what I said. Scarcely had the shock of the failure, and the events which so hurriedly transpired in connection with it, passed away, before my lover, in an embarrassed interview, asked for a release from his engagement.

He assured me that it was necessary the lady he might marry should have some fortune, and when I comprehended the utter meanness of his soul, I agreed with him in this belief. Money was his god, and he could appreciate no other endowment. Yes, it *was necessary* that his wife should have money.

Very calmly and quietly I acceded to his request, and our engagement was canceled. He was evidently surprised, for he had expected a scene of tears and reproaches. He wished to make some apologies and explanations, but I would not listen. In a few words I made him understand all the contempt I felt for him, and then I left the room, and we never met again.

It was a difficult task to break to my father the altered aspect of my prospects; but even this was done at last, and I received from him words of affectionate sympathy, which almost overcame my stock of courage.

Strength often comes with the circumstances that render it necessary. So it was with me, in this trial-hour. I determined to open a school; and having leased a suitable building, I removed thither our furniture, and my advertisements, together with the exertions of those friends who were not driven from us by adversity, soon filled it with pupils.

For many years I pursued this laborious yet most important calling. I was successful, and met the reward of my untiring assiduity. I even amassed a considerable fortune, and upon the death of my father, which occurred when I was about thirty years of age, I gave up the business, and resolved to seek a home near some of my friends.

At this period I remembered Kitty Marsden, whom I had often promised to visit, and at last set out for the Maples, determined, if pleased with the place and with my friends, to propose to them to become their inmate for the summer, and for future summers. I thought the rural quiet and even homeliness of their residence, as I pictured it, would be agreeable to me after the glare and bustle and heavy cares of my life.

It was evening when I arrived, and I was surprised to find the Maples, as well as I could see it through the gathering darkness and the embowering trees, a large and evidently handsome mansion. My first glance at the interior convinced me that it was equally well appointed. Kitty, who was expecting my coming, sprang out of a side apartment to meet me ere the door was closed, as blithe and beautiful as in her days of girlhood, and only in the sweet, added dignity of her matronly position changed from the darling girl I had known.

Her husband followed her—a most noble looking man, I thought, in spite of his plainness; and their hearty greeting over, I was soon seated at their hospitable table, in a spacious and even elegant room.

I was delighted with my newly recovered friends, and when I retired to my room that night I determined, if a few days' residence should confirm my present purpose, to propose remaining with them permanently. Every day increased my regard for them both and my interest in their three beautiful children, and it was soon decided that, at least for that summer, I should remain their inmate.

Kitty was driving me out, one afternoon, in her nice, roomy rockaway, and we had been following the green country road that wound along the valley for nearly an hour in silence, each, apparently, occupied with not unpleasant thoughts.

"Kitty," said I, at length, "tell me how you came to marry George Marsden, when you had so many gilded butterflies flitting about you."

Kitty started, blushed, and smiled.

"I married George because I loved him," said she, simply.

"Oh yes, I can comprehend that, for your honeymoon is not yet over, apparently. But how came you to love him—you who used to laugh at him so much at the Institute?"

"You are merciless, Jenny! But I will tell you. It is a very short story. You know how much I always admired his scholarship, and the nobility of his heart, after I once discovered these qualifications. When we met in town I was glad to see him, and easily persuaded my father to invite him to the house, which he was ready to do, for he had known George's father, who was a man of influence and mark, in spite of his comparative want of wealth.

"In the unrestrained intercourse of the home-circle our acquaintance gradually ripened into a lively regard. My father admired the talents of George, he pleased my mother by his gentle deference to her opinions, while I soon learned to love him in secret, for no word of his had ever taught me that such love was desired by its object. During all this time I was besieged by brainless fops, and so constantly obliged to contrast them with George, that I soon learned to measure him by the true standard of comparison, with his fellows, and to see how nobly he towered above them all.

"An accident at length revealed to me the fervent yet hopeless passion of which I was the object, and I poured a wild flood of joy into his heart, by assuring him that I would be his wife, or the wife of no man living.

"But my father and mother, much as they loved George, had higher views for their only child, and they wondered greatly when they saw me refuse, in succession, several most eligible offers. At length they discovered the state of my affections. Both were angry at first, but my mother relented at the sight of my tears. She soon persuaded my father that he had wealth enough for us all, and that love would make me happier than riches. He was won to her opinion, and we were all made happy by his consent to our marriage, which soon after took place.

"My life has been very happy. My husband has fulfilled the promise of his youth, and I am daily, more and more, convinced of the wisdom of my choice. The wealth which my father bestowed upon us has beautified the Maples, and you see how we live here in a quiet, elegant independence that has no counterpart in city life. We exercise a wide hospitality, and strive to make life a long season of useful employment. I am trying to train my boys to follow the example of their father, satisfied to know that they may be like him in youth and manhood. Are you satisfied, Jennie? You who are so fastidious as never to have married at all, will perhaps laugh at my enthusiasm about plain George Marsden, the farmer."

"Not so, dear Kitty," I said. "I am quite satisfied that you have done wisely, and I thank you for the pretty little romance that you have unfolded to me. But here is a house that looks the fit dwelling-place of mystery and romance, with its dark, latticed windows, and dense overhanging foliage. Can you tell me a story about this cottage?"

"Yes, I can, Jennie, or rather a tale of its owner. It is said that many years ago he met with a terrible disappointment in love. The lady of his devotion proved faithless, and married the man who had before injured him in many cruel ways. Then Eliot Ray forsook the world, and, coming here, built this cottage, where he has ever since dwelt in strict seclusion. He sometimes visits us however, and I think you would admire him, for all his traits are noble, except the deep gloom that hangs over him, and he has a dark but striking beauty. I want you to meet him, Jennie, and perhaps both of you will find some charm that will attract you mutually, and serve to soothe the disappointments of your youth."

I made some light answer to Kitty's remarks, and then the subject dropped. I had grown cheerful, and liked my independence, and so felt no vocation for healing the wounded heart of the recluse. Nevertheless, I thought of Kitty's description of him more than once in the days that followed, and when, one evening a week later, he was ushered into my friend's sitting-room, I felt myself blushing, and knew there was unusual interest in the look with which I surveyed him as he shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Marsden. But a cold salute on either side followed our introduction, and not a word was exchanged between us the entire evening. I retired to my room that night, thinking Mr. Ray very disagreeable, though I could not but acknowledge that he had conversed in a strain of unusual intelligence and originality with both my friends.

I have long since changed my opinion, however, though the mode by which the change was effected I can by no means describe. I have said more than enough about myself in this little narrative, else I would tell how the flame of mutual love sprung up between tried hearts that had long deemed themselves dead to its influence. The spark, however, existed beneath the ashes of our extinguished hopes, and to-day burns clearly as in the bright hours of our long-past youth. I have long been the happy wife of the best of men, Eliot Ray. The Marsdens are our nearest neighbors and dearest friends, and we have never ceased to rejoice at the happy impulse that led me, on that summer long ago, to visit the Maples, and renew my school-friendship with sweet Kitty Marsden.

WISE DISCONTENT COMMENDABLE.

Had man *ever* been content with "things as they are," plodding the same dull road with incurious satisfaction, Time would have grown gray in ignorance: deaf, blind, and stupid, he would never raised his eyes to Heaven, to discover the glorious phenomena of the stars, nor directed them to earth, to develop the latent treasures concealed in her bosom; the caves of ocean would have yet been unfathomed, the mysteries of the deep unexplored; and each petty aborigine, in quiescent barbarism, would have formed no wish for intercourse beyond his own paltry community. Man would have felt no care for aught but "meat, clothes, and fire," thus remaining a fit companion for the brutes by which he was surrounded; and holding all in common with them but the profitless prerogative of speech. Therefore, *wise* discontent is commendable, and should be encouraged.

OH, DEAR!—It is said that on a certain time, a Chinese widow being found fanning the grave of her husband, was asked why she performed so singular an operation. She said she had promised not to marry again while the grave remained damp, and that as it dried very slowly, she saw no harm in assisting the process.

CROMLEY VALE.

BY ALICE CARY.

O wind, that hear'st me all the day
Complaining in thy own sad way,
Come to me from the airy hights
Wherein thou takest soft delights;

And while the Eve, with rod so bright,
To the black pastures of the night,
Her shadowy flocks is driving slow
From sheltered valleys warm and low;

Shake loosely up my grassy bed,
Then, with thy arm beneath my head,
In my tired eyes make pictures, till
Fancy is equal to my will;

And, from the pleasurable woe
The crossed in love can only know,
Doth, at thy bidding lightly spring,
And try the silence like a wing.

Thou answerest, and the fields serene
Beneath me roll away their green,
And many a wood behind us grieves,
With all its marriageable leaves.

Waves hanging by their misty hair
Along the rocks, and flowers most fair
Alike in slighted beauty pine,
For all thy love, to-night, is mine.

And now the skirts of darkness show
The silvery seam of morn, and lo!
Among her corn and hedgerows sweet,
Lies Cromley Valley, at my feet.

Who would not feel her beauty's charm!
A river lying in each arm,
And clad in all excelling hues
Which summer from the year may choose.

My heart beats quick—the scornful rose
Of Cromley Valley tenderer grows,
And pities me at last: my pride
Forsakes me, and my arms are wide

About my neck I softly wear
The golden wonder of her hair—
A gentle word, a smile, a sigh,
A light touch of her little hand,
And my rapt soul is up so high
All heaven beneath me seems to lie,
A dim-discovered, rainy land.

TURLEY'S DEFENSE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

One cold winter's evening, as a party of mountaineers sat around the genial fire of a public inn, on the then western borders, relating each his adventures in his own peculiar way, the following fell from the lips of a participator in the scenes he portrayed.

"You all remember Turley, of the Arroyo Hondo Mill?" he began, when it came his turn to tell his tale.

"We've hearn o' him of old," responded several of the party.

"Wall, he war a leetle ahead o' the best man that these here old eyes ever sighted—fur thar warn't a human in the hull country as hadn't had so'thing o' Turley, whether he war white, yaller, or red; and yet for all that he'd treated them villains in the walley of Taos so well, they turned round, burnt his ranch, and shot him down like a dog! I war thar, and seed the hull on't, and it war jest this way:

"Me and two others had come down from the mountains to a branch of the Arkansas, and while camping one night on its banks, Ned Weldon says, says he:

"'Boys, let's go down and see Turley.'

"'Agreed,' says I, 'fur he's a hoss as is good to look at.'

"So 'arly the next morning we set off for the ranch, on the Arroyo Hondo, and found Turley in good spirits, and with a grip of welcome like an old b'ar's hug.

"Wall, we splurged around thar fur two or three days, playing cards and drinking whiskey, when a report came in that the cussed natives had riz and murdered Governor Bent and all the Americans they could git hold on, and war gwine to sarve Turley the same way.

"He poohed at this, Turley did; and when I told him he'd better be wide awake, he laughed at me, and said he'd been so kind to them, that he didn't believe they'd injure him, even though every other foreigner in the place war cut off.

"'Wall,' says I, 'Turley, I knows you're a good feller, and treat them Greasers a durned sight better'n I'd use 'em; but you don't know 'em quite as well as this old beaver, for all that; and ef they've riz, you'll see 'em thick as bees all around the place afore long.'

"But he paid no attention to me, and didn't do nothing to prepare for a siege, till one morning a man named Otterbees, that he'd sent, a few days afore we arrived, to Santa Fe, with a mule load of whiskey, galloped up to the gate, and said:

"'Look out, boys, and take keer o' you h'ar! for the infernal Mexicans and Injuns has riz and killed Governor Bent and lots of Americans, and they're now coming this way in great force!' and arter saying this to me and my friends, who'd come out to see him, he wheeled his hoss and dashed off like lightning.

"I went in and told Turley what war up; but he wouldn't b'lieve a word on't; and it war with great reluctance that he'd consent to the gate being closed and barred, and the buildings put in a state of defense.

"'We'd jest got the thing done, though, when one of the boys, who'd been watching the direction in which they war expected to come, called out, in a loud voice:

"'Here they is, for sure; and we'll be made meat on, for sartin, onless we can skeer 'em with a few lead peppers!'

"Hurrying to the side of the watch, and looking outward, I seen the tarnal imps coming up on the tother bank of the Arroyo Hondo.

"'It's a fact, boys—you're right!' says Turley; 'and we've got to work now—for I'm afeard thar'll be no let up in the matter.'

"Wall, we set to at once; and afore the niggers had come up to speaking distance, we war all ready to ax 'em arter thar health.

"When at last they stood all squar afore the place, looking as wicked as grizzly b'ars, and numbering well nigh on to five hundred thieves—yaller, red, and black—all armed with guns, bows, and arrers—the fust thing they done war to send out a party with a white flag, axing Turley to surrender; at the same time telling him that the Governor and every other American in Fernandez and El Rancho had been killed, and that every one of the foreigners in the valley war to meet with the same fate; but that, on account of former kindness, they'd spare his life ef he'd gin mills and peopeople into thar bloody hands.

"Turley war a trump; and now that his blood war up, he didn't stop a minute to think; but told the thieving Greasers, ef they wanted anything he'd got, eyther live stock or dead, they'd hev to git 'em the best way they could.

"At this the cowards drew off to a safe distance, to hold a sort o' council of war; and as soon as this war over, they broke up into companies, and pitched in in 'arnest.

"Wall, boys, it looked sort o' black for us now, I tell you; for outside thar war five hundred of 'em, with squads coming up every hour from the different pueblos; and agin these thar war only eight o' us to defend the place; but no man thought of nothing but fight, and we all swore to stand by Turley to the last.

"The Greasers next begun to hide themselves amongst the rocks and bushes around the ranch, and then to blaze away wharsomever they thought they could do us any damage; but we war all ready for 'em; and the moment any one of the imps showed us a chance, some one of our rifles rubbed him out.

"Twenty good men, with a clean sweep, mought hev licked the hull on 'em, I do b'lieve; but we war penned up like so many sheep, and couldn't do nothing but wait for chances. The ranch, you see, war down in a steep valley, which war all covered over with rocks and thick cedars, so that they could hide themselves above and fire right down into us, while we could only git a shot by accident like.

"Howsomever, we done the best we could, and peppered away till night, and had the satisfaction of now and then hearing a thief howl as his comrades took him back for a quiet die.

"As soon as it got dark, we quit firing, and spent the hull night in running balls, cutting patches, and fixing up things all right and tight; and the next morning, when the fight begun agin, we found that a lot of savages had crawled into a stable, which stood a little apart from the t'other buildings—calculating, I 'spect, as they'd git us handsome.

"Finding it warn't no go, though, they wanted to git out agin; but to do that thar, they had to cross an open place what war plain in range; and the imps knowed, ef we drawed a bead on any on 'em, he war a gone beaver, so they war a kind o' skeery at fust about trying it.

"But at last one of 'em, who as it hap'd war a Pueblo chief, popped out with a jump, and the fust thing he knowed he didn't know nothing. Wall, he war no sooner throwed than another one o' the skunks whipped up to him, to pull his ugly carcass into the stable; but one o' the boys blazed away at him, and he dropped down kind o' dead like. This kind o' riled the niggers a few, and two more come out, and we piled them on top o' t'others. But the whelps war bound to hev thar chief; and three more on 'em jumped out alto-gether, and got a hold on him, and was jest lifting him off the ground, when three o' us beauties let drive at them, and they jest j'ined the pile.

"This war a little more nor the greasy beasts could stand easy, and all on 'em jumped out at wunst and let a awful volley right into us, and two o' our boys went under.

"Thar we war now, only six of us to do all the fighting; but thar war no gin in, and we peppered away at the dogs every chance we got.

"Ben Williams, one o' the lads what was hit, warn't killed right away, but had a ball plain through his body, and suffered purty considerable, mind I tell you. He war game to the back bone though, war old Ben, and didn't want to gin in no how, although he war as good as dead; and we toted him into the distillery, whar we dumped him down easy like, on a big pile o' grain, so as he mought take his last tramp in a good soft bed.

"As we war leaving him to go back to the mill, he raised hisself up, and sung out:

"'Go in, boys, dont't mind me, but send some more o' them treacherous dogs to thar master afore you're rubbed out yourselves!'

"Wall, we'd jest got back, when all at wunst the imps outside got awful docile, and we didn't know what mought be the reason, though we 'spected they war agwine to sarve us some trick. Wall, we hadn't been waiting long, afore one o' the boys sings out:

"'Thar—the devils has fired us, and we're goners sure as preaching!'

"'We won't go under so easy, lads!' says Turley; 'fur we've got plenty o' water here, and we'll keep our shanty from catching anyhow.'

"So we got buckets, and passed water to the fire; and though it war purty fierce at fust, we got it down in a little while, the balls whistling around us the hull time.

"Seeing that the Greasers war gitting new squads up every hour, and that ef we didn't do so'thing desperate we'd hev to go the journey, we now held up for a gineral council o' war on the matter; when Turley says, says he:

"'Boys, we're in a tight place, and things is gitting wuss and wuss every minute. We can't git out o' here in daylight, fur the hounds is all around us; but ef we can hold out till night, every man may go on his own tramp, and do his purtiest—that thar's the only way I knows on.'

"Wall, arter some talk about it, it war settled that we should fight out the arternoon, and at night each o' the boys should make a dash for hisself. The rest o' the day we worked hard—part o' the time blazing away at the devils outside, and part o' the time putting out the fire when they tried to roast us like possums.

"At last it come dark; and Turley, calling us all together, says:

"'Boys,' says he, 'I knows you're all brave fellers, and has stood by me noble to-day; and now that we're agwine to part, and don't knows we'll ever see each other agin, I jest want to tell you, that ef ever we does meet agin, that anything Turley can do fur any one of you, will be done fur sartin. Good-bye, boys, and God bless you!'

"Then we shook hands and broke, every man gwine the way he liked best. For my part, I crept down to the fence and sneaked over; but jest as I'd got on t'other side, up comes a Greaser; but afore he knowed what ailed him, I had old butcher into him a heap, and he went down like a log. Then stretching myself along on the ground, I crawled along easy; and arter nearly running plum into two or three parties, I got clean past the niggers at last; and when I found I war past, I says:

"'Now, legs, I want to see you carry this here old ho'se h'ar out o' danger.'

"I didn't wait for no reply, you can sw'ar; but set off for the mountains instanter, traveling jest a little bit faster'n I ever done afore. When I got to the mountains, and diskivered my scalp all right, I tuk a roundabout course for Santa Fe, whar I found the sogers war jest gwine out to pay off the imps in Taos Valley. It didn't take no coaxing to git me to j'ine, you can bet high; and when we come back to the Pueblo, we had a good time, and I lifted more h'ar thar nor I ever done afore in all my life!'

"'Augh! poor Turley!' said one of the trappers, who had been an attentive listener to the recital.

"Yes, poor feller!" sighed the narrator; "and it all come o' his trusting to the honor o' a cussed Greaser arter all! You see he'd got safe through the devils, and made his way to the mountains, whar he met a yaller hound, who'd been his friend for years. To this nigger Turley offered his watch for the loan of his hoss. The skunk wouldn't do it, though; but making b'lieve to pity Turley, he told him to go to a certain place, and he'd come and help him. The —— bloody, treacherous imp then rode back to the ranch, which war in ashes, and told the Mexicans where Turley war hid; and they sent out a large party, who found him and shot him dead.

"Now that thar's a speciment of Greaser gratitude, boys," concluded the mountaineer, with an oath; "but thar's one satisfaction left—most on 'em didn't live a great while to brag about their treacherous doings, and I allers makes it a pint to draw a bead on all I sees outside o' the nabbing law business. Augh!"

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A BACHELOR.—... and tastes of a crusty old curmudgeon like yourself could be safely adopted as a standard for the public at large. Love is the very essence of life; and as long as the sun shines and human hearts throb, will love stories be demanded by intelligent and *human* people. The trouble with you is, you have no heart—only a fungous under your ribs. The "milk of human kindnes" in your nature is all turned to bonny-clabber. You are fast going to the dogs. You are an object of compassion. Some of the "weak-minded women" you speak of so contemptuously, will have to take you in hand and prepare your gruel for you. You should keep your feet warm and dry and your head cool, and in future abstain from all attempts to give advice; the excitement of such efforts will prove too much for your decaying system.

Boston Boy.—There is no "preparation" which will reduce the size of your nose, except a razor or other edge-tool. Why do you wish to reduce the size of your nose? Are you not aware that a large nose is an indication of great energy of character? and that large-nosed people are generally the most successful of the race? Napoleon doted on a large nose. With him it was a certain passport to favor, so far at least as to give its possessor a fair trial and a chance to confirm the good impression made by his nasal advocate.

Young Lover, Louisville.—It would be perfectly proper for you to send the young lady the Ledger and other periodicals. The department of prosody, in any good grammar, will give you such information as you wish in regard to versification and syllabication. As for "*learning* to be a poet," that cannot be done. Do you not remember the old Latin proverb *poeta nascitur, non fit*?—"a poet is *born*, not *made*."

Frank P. says, "In the issue of the Ledger of August 28th, the author of the story 'A Rival's Revenge' uses the word '*unaneled*,' and as it is not to be found in 'Webster's Unabridged,' will you be kind enough to explain its meaning?" It means unshrived, not having received extreme unction. The word is in our copy of "Webster's Unabridged."

Mary Jane B.—We regret that we are compelled, by the system to which we invariably adhere, to deny your request. We do not insert notices of marriage, or death, nor do we publish verses written on such occasions, for the gratification of the friends of the married parties in the one case, or of the surviving relatives of the dead in the other.

A. W. D.—Your article on "The Slanderer" contains some good ideas, but is too extravagant. It is a common fault of young writers to overshoot the mark and use superlatives freely when it would be better to dispense with adjectives altogether. You must look to your orthography, if you intend to pursue the avocation of a writer for the press.

Ethe, Saco.—We do not publish the addresses of any parties whatever. If you wish to address any respectable New York firm, you can do so without knowing their street and number. A letter directed to them, at the city of New York, would be as certain to reach its destination as though the exact number of the street were on it.

Patentee.—You could get a patent for an invention, while yet a minor, as no inquiry is made as to an inventor's age. You could also sell the rights under such patent, if people would buy them of you, which they probably would not, as you could repudiate your bargains at any time, and purchasers would have no security against your doing so.

Ellis.—A boy of your age should not attempt to engage the affections of a girl still younger than yourself, without the consent of your and her parents or guardians, especially as you would have no means of supporting either her or yourself in case of illness or misfortune of any kind.

Carrie Blanche.—The requesting of contributions to an album is a privileged business. A lady can without impropriety request the most casual acquaintance to inscribe something in her album; and oftentimes total strangers are applied to, especially celebrated people, for such favors.

Young Lover, Louisville.—It would be perfectly proper for you to send the young lady the Ledger and other periodicals. The department of prosody, in any good grammar, will give you such information as you wish in regard to versification and syllabication. As for "*learning* to be a poet," that cannot be done. Do you not remember the old Latin proverb *poeta nascitur, non fit*?—"a poet is *born*, not *made*."

Frank P. says, "In the issue of the Ledger of August 28th, the author of the story 'A Rival's Revenge' uses the word '*unaneled*,' and as it is not to be found in 'Webster's Unabridged,' will you be kind enough to explain its meaning?" It means unshrived, not having received extreme unction. The word is in our copy of "Webster's Unabridged."

Mary Jane B.—We regret that we are compelled, by the system to which we invariably adhere, to deny your request. We do not insert notices of marriage, or death, nor do we publish verses written on such occasions, for the gratification of the friends of the married parties in the one case, or of the surviving relatives of the dead in the other.

A. W. D.—Your article on "The Slanderer" contains some good ideas, but is too extravagant. It is a common fault of young writers to overshoot the mark and use superlatives freely when it would be better to dispense with adjectives altogether. You must look to your orthography, if you intend to pursue the avocation of a writer for the press.

Ethe, Saco.—We do not publish the addresses of any parties whatever. If you wish to address any respectable New York firm, you can do so without knowing their street and number. A letter directed to them, at the city of New York, would be as certain to reach its destination as though the exact number of the street were on it.

Patentee.—You could get a patent for an invention, while yet a minor, as no inquiry is made as to an inventor's age. You could also sell the rights under such patent, if people would buy them of you, which they probably would not, as you could repudiate your bargains at any time, and purchasers would have no security against your doing so.

Ellis.—A boy of your age should not attempt to engage the affections of a girl still younger than yourself, without the consent of your and her parents or guardians, especially as you would have no means of supporting either her or yourself in case of illness or misfortune of any kind.

Carrie Blanche.—The requesting of contributions to an album is a privileged business. A lady can without impropriety request the most casual acquaintance to inscribe something in her album; and oftentimes total strangers are applied to, especially celebrated people, for such favors.

Walter.—Do not give up all hope of winning the young lady's hand. As her heart is already yours, your chances of success are as ten to one, notwithstanding the mother's opposition. Conciliate the old lady.

Emma.—For a little girl of only twelve years, you write remarkably well, but your productions are not sufficiently good to warrant us in holding out to you any hope that you could dispose of them.

Enquirer, Harrisburg.—You can enlist as a marine or seaman in the United States Navy at any time. Inquire at the Navy Yard, in Philadelphia, and you can learn where and how to gain your object.

John Walker.—The name of the American Consul at Panama is Amos B. Corwine. It is barely possible that he could give you some information concerning your missing brother.

T. J.—Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., is not a clergyman, but his father (Sylvanus Cobb, Senior,) is, and hence probably your mistake. Your answer to the problem is right.

Henry Rivers.—Every good grammar has rules and instructions for punctuation.

Nemo, Crown Point.—You have made the sad mistake which is too often made by young men whose temper exceeds their judgment and sense of decency. By the time your beard becomes fairly grown, you will perhaps learn that the utmost politeness and courtesy should always be observed in communicating with strangers from whom you have not received replies to letters sent them by yourself. The letters may not have been received by those to whom they were addressed; and an abusive, vulgar communication from you would of course be disastrous to your wishes.

Charles.—You could doubtless "do something handsome" in California, should you act there with prudence and discretion, and have "good luck." This last is a most essential requisite. Two companies will open mines side by side, one of which will dig a fortune for every member of the company and the other will not get gold enough to pay expens

H. H. H.—The pronunciation of many French words (and among them that of the name—Vieuxtemps—you inquire about) cannot be represented in print to those who are unacquainted with the pronunciation of the French language.

Miss C.—We respectfully decline to lend you the sum you mention, or any other sum. And we will take this opportunity to say that it is utterly useless for strangers to write to us for the purpose of either begging or borrowing money.

Alphonso.—The ebb and flow of the tide is set down by philosophers as caused by the attraction of the moon, and the rotation of the earth upon its axis.

M. F. T.—Your story, though fair, does not come up to our standard.

Grandmamma.—It is a difficult matter to decide the question in dispute between you and your daughter. As the mother of her children, and the head of her household, she should of course be obeyed by them and by her servants, and no one has a right to interfere with, or annoy her in, the exercise of her functions as such mother and head of the household. Although you are her mother, and the children your grand children, you have really no *rights* in the house. You are there by courtesy. Of course you should have exercised towards you the most delicate politeness, the most affectionate respect, the most becoming consideration; but, on the other hand, you should exhibit a wise forbearance in regard to the affairs and government of the family, and treat your daughter, her husband, and the children with such respectful kindness, as would tend to excite in them sentiments of profound regard and admiration for yourself.

Distracted Lover.—Your case is truly a hard one, but it does not warrant the plans you have formed for wreaking vengeance upon the young lady, her affianced husband, and her friends. Revenge is always ignoble, and never justifiable, and is apt to prove more disastrous to him who wreaks it than to his victims. Your best course would be to rise above the temptation and the predeliction to vengeance, and forgive those who have so deeply wronged you. Such a course would bring to you contentment, if not happiness; the other could only end in misery.

C.—When a young gentleman invites you to accompany him to some place of amusement, and you accept the invitation, the evening is fixed upon, and he does not come for you, nor afterwards call to make an apology, or send a written one, all you can "do about it" is to do nothing. If you like him so well that you wish to continue his acquaintance notwithstanding the offense, you must wait until he calls, or [illegible] and then act as though nothing of the kind had occurred.

Robespierre wants to know if we consider a young man, nineteen years of age, dissipated or "fast," who goes out on an average three nights a week, and does not get home till midnight, sometimes staying out all night, and who, "in fact, enjoys every pleasure and amusement but that of gambling." We should call such a youth not only "fast" and dissipated, but exceedingly foolish. He is laying the foundation for a despised and miserable old age, or sowing the seeds of a premature and dishonorable death.

A Constant Reader.—The young lady may have been unable "to make up her mind" hitherto on so important a question as that of marriage, and hence her coldness whenever you press her on that point, and her cheerfulness and cordiality when you do not refer to the subject. You should abstain from pressing her to give you an answer, for a while, so that she may have an opportunity to reflect upon the subject at her leisure. If you exhibit no further anxiety on the subject she may herself begin to feel anxious about it.

Many Subscribers ask, "Suppose, on being introduced to a gentleman, that he should say, 'I am happy to make your acquaintance,' or 'It gives me much pleasure to make your acquaintance,' or make any similar remark, would, 'I am obliged to you,' or 'Thank you, sir,' be a proper reply for the lady to make?" Yes. Any courteous recognition of the gentleman's friendly and complimentary remark would be proper.

James C., Jr.—The story of "The Pioneer Patriot" was "founded on fact." Thomas Paine was not a *soldier* of the Revolution, but a writer, of those times, in favor of political liberty. His pamphlet entitled "Common Sense," was a powerful weapon in the hands of the patriots. He became weak and contemptible when he ran off into infidelity, and kindred vagaries. "Fanny Fern" is a *nom de plume*.

Mabel.—It is not customary for young ladies to thank their beaux for taking them on excursions or to places of amusement, or for any similar attentions. It is supposed that the lady confers a favor on the gentleman by accompanying him, not that he confers one upon her by inviting her to go and paying the expenses.

Samaritan.—It strikes us that the young lady who proved to be so good a nurse during your illness, though not rich or handsome, would make you a better wife than she who avoided you while you needed care and sympathy, and drove you nearly distracted by strumming on the piano, however rich and beautiful she may be.

L. G. G.—In the Ledger of March 14th, 1857, you will find a communication from the then Secretary of War, in which full information is given as to entrance of cadets into the Military Academy at West Point. You can get that number of us, or order it through any newsdealer.

East Haverhill wants to know what is the greatest possible number of hills of corn that can be planted on a square acre, the hills to occupy only a mathematical point, and no two hills to be within three and a half feet of each other. Let our arithmeticians "cipher" it out.

Minnie.—Your acquaintances probably like you better than you imagine. You should take it for granted that you are liked as well as anybody, until you see proof to the contrary. Moping and sulking are bad habits to get into.

C. A.—As long as your lover (or your pretended lover perhaps we should say) pays such particular and loving attention to another, you should have nothing to do with him.

Daniel E. W.—We do not wish to contract for the tale which you intend to write, nor can we give you any information in regard to the treatment of the subject.

N. G. L.—You can send the money to pay for the daguerreotype in the same letter in which you request the young lady to let you have it.

G., Jackson.—You should go in the best society of the vicinity in which you live, if you can gain admission thereto. Who compose that society, we of course cannot tell.

Hattie.—When a gentleman asks and receives permission of a young lady to correspond with her, it is of course his business to commence the correspondence.

Tennessean asks of the editor of the Ledger, "Would you, if requested, send your autograph to a friend?" To which we answer, No.

D. B.—You will find a description of the trial of Warren Hastings, the notorious Governor-General of India, in Macaulay's miscellaneous writings.

Annie.—You are very foolish to put such an unfriendly interpretation upon your aunt's conduct. We do not wish to engage any new contributors.

Humphrey.—We know of no weekly or monthly publication devoted to the science of chemistry, or which discusses mainly questions or matters appertaining to that science.

L. L. O.—We do not insert advertisements in the Ledger at any price or under any circumstances.

Helen M. H.—Your verses are very pretty, but we have no room for them.

Bereaved, St. Louis.—We think you are quite justified in lavishing your money (of which you have a superabundance,) upon the decoration of the cemetery in which your loved and lost lie buried, and especially upon their tombs. As to your grief, and the sorrow of the ladies referred to, the subject is so delicate and so sacred that we dare not attempt to discuss it or to administer consolation. The sorrow of the living for the dead, the grief of a bereaved heart, the agony of a soul stricken in its tenderest affections, is so purely personal, so impossible to be felt and understood by another, and so deep and delicate in its nature, that it evades analysis and shrinks from an attempt at palpable delineation. To those who have been bereft of their chosen ones, there is no expression tender enough, there is no tear sympathetic enough, there is no voice sweet enough, there is no touch skillful enough to salve the wounded spirit, to woo the sorrowing soul to peace, or waken to tones of harmony the jangled, broken cords of the heart. No wonder, then, that we love to lay our dead away in the loveliest retreats, in enchanted grounds, and decorate their graves with whatever is most beautiful and appropriate that the earth affords. So universal is this sentiment, this yearning of the stricken heart, that the burial-ground of the savage is reverenced by him, and respected by his foes who respect nought else. Even among the least human portion of the race—the debased New Hollanders—the burial-ground is held sacred and cultivated with assiduous care and unwearied affection. There their dead sleep in unmolested repose, their graves adorned with flowers, and strewn with the ashes of the fragrant willamboa, while the acacia gently sweeps with her golden hair the pillows of their braves. Affection and reverence for the last resting-place of our beloved dead, whose lowly couch we expect some day to share, are noble and humanizing sentiments, and should be nurtured with generous assiduity.

D. M. T.—You cannot comprehend the legal question referred to without much study and reflection. As for the laws, and "acts" of State Legislatures and of Congress, we agree with you that they are too numerous, and in many cases too ill-considered. "Hasty legislation" is an exceedingly great evil in this country. First comes "An Act, entitled an Act to regulate, restrain, and enforce the collecting of Taxes," or whatever it may be. Then comes "An Act, entitled an Act in Addition to an Act entitled an Act to regulate, restrain," etc. Next we will have "An Act, entitled an Act Supplementary to an Act entitled an Act in Addition to an Act entitled an Act to regulate, restrain," etc. Then on top of this we have "An Act, entitled an Act Amending an Act entitled an Act Supplementary to an Act entitled an Act in Addition to an Act entitled an Act to regulate, restrain, etc., and so on without end, after the manner of "The House that Jack Built." If the Legislatures met but once in five years, and Congress once in ten, and the sessions were each then limited to ninety days, the country would hardly be the loser thereby. We have altogether too much legislation, with State and Federal.

Young Brother.—We do not blame you for being indignant at the brutal manner in which your sister's husband treats her, but you could not aid her any by "having a row with him." He would probably abuse her still more, should you attempt any interference. A man who will swear at his wife so horridly as you say he does, would not hesitate to commit any wrong which he dare commit. Such a man is always a coward and villain, as well as a brute, and is only restrained by fear from the commission of actual crime. If your brother-in-law had some powerful master, who would flog him soundly every day, he might be whipped into a tolerable degree of decency; nothing but bodily punishment, regularly and thoroughly administered, will bring such fellows to a proper sense of their unworthiness.

Economist.—White beans are among the most nutritious articles of vegetable food. They contain about ninety-five per cent. of nutritious matter; that is to say, in a hundred pounds of white beans there will be ninety-five pounds of nutritious matter, and five pounds of water or waste. Corn meal comes next, having ninety-one per cent. of nutricious matter, and wheat flour has ninety. Cucumbers yield 2 1-2 per cent, 97 1-2 being water. Potatoes, 22 1-2 per cent.; rice, 86; barley meal, 88; cabbage, 7 1-2; turnips, 4 1-2; melons, 3; grapes, 27; pears and apples, each 16; peaches, 20; cherries, 25; apricots, 26; plums, 29.

Pioneer.—It is a sad thing that your son and his companions fell into the power of the Rocky Mountain savages and were murdered by them; but we cannot agree with you in calling down vengeance and extermination upon the Indians. They have their rights, or, at least, if you will not admit that they have rights, you must confess that they have certain natural instincts and passions which, in their untutored state, it is to be expected they will gratify and obey. If white people choose to engage in rows and contests with savages, they must submit to the exigencies of savage warfare.

Maud.—You should repay the gentleman's "teasings" in the same, or a more disagreeable, coin. He is guilty of gross impropriety in thus pertinaciously annoying you, and should be condignly rebuked therefor. Stick him playfully with a a darning-needle, hang his hat on the gas-burner, rasp his face with a briar or the sprig of a rosebush, or do any other gaily severe thing you can imagine, and then, if he be provoked or angered thereby, say you were only in fun—that you are surprised he can't take a little play, etc., etc. You cannot well be too severe with him.

Romeo.—Your father has no legal or moral right to your services, nor has he had for the last two years—since you arrived at the age of twenty-one. We say this, of course, on the supposition that you have (as you say) worked hard and faithfully for him, since your boyhood. As he is unwilling to make any provisiou for remunerating you for your present and future services, you would be justified in seeking employment whereby you could secure an independent maintenance, and lay up something for a future "rainy day."

J. K.—Our only basis of belief in the statement that Xerxes wept, on seeing his army of half a million of men manœuvering before him, to think that not one of them would be alive a hundred years from that time, are the declarations of historians, which are as open to your examination as to ours. We do not consider it a matter of much consequence whether he wept or not on that occasion, and for that reason, or on any other occasion, or for any other reason.

Apprentice.—Clerks in this city seldom board with their employers. You had better stay in the country until your character becomes more mature. It is very different here from what it is in the country so far as friendship and sociability between employer and employed are concerned. A leading merchant here often feels no interest in his clerks, and never asks them to his house.

Stanbury.—There are some thirty public libraries (or perhaps some of them should be called libraries of public institutions) in this city, containing altogether not far from three hundred and fifty thousand volumes. The Astor Library is the largest. You could attend there daily during the public hours, and use the books without charge.

Regal.—Your party managed to get up an amount of misunderstanding and disarrangement such as a tolerably large army should be ashamed to blunder into on a week's march. As no one seemed to intend any slight towards anybody, those who got offended should be left to cool off and repent at their leisure.

Irving.—Your deafness and the accompanying phenomena are too serious to be treated by any one except a skillful physician, who should make himself familiar with the facts which led to your affliction, and all the symptoms of the case. By tampering with quack medicines, your infirmity may soon be rendered incurable.

Abracadabra.—We cannot turn the Ledger into a nautical dictionary. All the terms you mention can be found in any complete dictionary of the English language, and it would be an improving exercise for you to look them out and study them thoroughly.

Ivanhoe.—Do not despair as long as you have the young lady's love. Her mother will yield after a while. Be the best boy you can, keep cool, and treat the old lady with the utmost courtesy, and you will come out right at last.

Charles B.—There are various remedies for removing hair from ladies' upper lips, and for checking its growth low on the forehead, or otherwise superfluously, but we have no faith in aay of these depilatories.

Canadian.—The circulation of the Ledger in Upper and Lower Canada reaches many thousands of copies weekly. We cannot insert your advertisement, as we exclude advertisements of every kind from our columns.

B. B. B.—You should bear your disappointment more cheerfully. The girls will never cease teazing you so long as you mope and sulk over the unexpected desertion of the young lady.

Harper D. S.—We do not understand your question. Correspondents should read their communications over with care before mailing them, and see that they are intelligibly written.

Emma.—The "breaking out" on your face is probably owing to a bad condition of your blood. Consult your family physician about it.

Baltimorean.—The Atlantic Telegraph cable is eleven-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, which is very near the same as the diameter of a dime.

I. J.—Your letter is written with such pale ink that it is illegible, except at an expense of eyesight which we cannot afford.

Invention.—You have probably been hoaxed in regard to "the locomotive to run on water." *That* is asking a little too much, even in these times.

Thucydides.—The Great Fire in New York began on the night of the 3d of December, 1835. The loss of property was estimated at $20,000,000.

J. E. I.—You could probably get a cabin passage to some German port, in a sailing vessel, for about $100.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*